

Translated for the Daguerreotype.

GERMAN EMIGRANTS IN AMERICA.

Der Deutschen Auswanderer Fahrten und Schicksale. Von FRIEDRICH GERSTÄCKER. Leipzig. 1847. (*The Wanderings and Adventures of the German Emigrants.*)

The fourteenth number of the 'Physical Atlas' of Berghaus contains a chart showing the spread of the German nation over both hemispheres of the earth. We there see their dwellings marked even in regions where they have, in whole or in part, forgotten their language, and exchanged it for that of the people among whom they are living. The social life of the German is distinguished by a fatal microcosmism; nowhere does he form a great nation; but either, like a nomadic race of shepherds and hunters, is divided and broken up into numerous hordes and political communities, which not unfrequently take up a hostile attitude against each other; or else he is even subject to a foreign nation, which makes use of his skill, his industry, and his learning for its own advantage, but only regards him as a tool which may be thrown aside when it has accomplished its purpose. A feeling of nationality is a divine right; and yet we Germans are supposed to have lost this right, so that among us it exists only in idea. But let us not forget that as the life of an individual consists of childhood, youth, manhood, and old age, so is it also with the life of a number of individuals, a whole nation. The feelings and sentiments of the youth are directed to bold action and independence; his free will is sensitive of oppression, and he feels ill at ease in the consciousness that he is placed under guardianship. The German nation has lived through a childhood of a thousand years, and the commencement of its youth is at hand. Let us not forget this fact; it is of importance if we would rightly understand the subject of German emigration.

Berghaus has made the following calculation of the number of Germans spread over the world;

In Germany,	37,725,000
Remainder of Europe, . . .	11,275,000
Africa,	171,000
East Indies and Australia, . .	5,000
United States,	5,233,000
Remainder of America, . . .	91,000
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	54,500,000

The increasing fondness for emigration is a social symptom which has its origin in the condition of the nation; and it is a subject which not only statesmen and political economists, but especially popular writers ought to regard with attention and interest. For this reason we give a hearty welcome to the book before us. It is clearly and intelligibly written, and well calculated for the simple, but somewhat romantic taste of the German people. The author has chosen a tale for the frame of his picture, and sought to represent the fortunes of emigrants who with exaggerated enthusiasm seek a new home in North America. The passage, the arrival on American soil, the egotistical side of Yankee life, the swindling to which they are exposed in the purchase of land, the establishment of the social colony on the Big-Halchee, the mutual distrust among the colonists themselves, the failure and total ruin of the colony, the members of which are scattered in all directions,—all this is described in such a vivid and instructive manner, that it is easy to see that the author is thoroughly acquainted with the condition of the Germans in North America. We extract the following passage, which contains some important observations upon the character and fate of the so called German colonies.

. . . "For heaven's sake, have nothing to do with those ill-fated colonies; they are never successful, unless they work upon the people by superstition, religious fanaticism, and the strictest spiritual despotism. Such associations prosper, and there are such, which have flourishing and wealthy possessions; but God preserve us from a life in which body and soul are equally bound in fetters, which from day to day are drawn tighter. No; not for this purpose did we come to America; we would enjoy freedom, the richest blessing of this glorious land; but to this a colony is the greatest and most insurmountable obstacle." . . . "If any thing could be accomplished by means of such colonies, you may be very certain that the Americans, who would be much better adapted to them, would long ago have discovered it and have turned them to account."

That this is a correct view of the matter is proved by the fate of the innumerable German colonies which have been established in North America. We see, accordingly, how little the mother-country has to hope from her children, when once they have crossed the ocean. They

become dead to the parent stock by being isolated, and gradually absorbed into other interests, and their sons, or at all events their grandsons, have no longer any knowledge of Germany. A thorough organization of the system of emigration would, as well in a political as in a commercial point of view, be productive of the greatest advantages; but the circle of vision of the German governments does not extend to the Baltic and the North Sea; how much less to the other side of the Atlantic!

Gerstäcker's book is written in such a spirit that we desire for it a very extended circulation, especially in those localities where emigration flourishes. In those villages where preparations are made for emigrating in the spring, it ought to be recommended by the minister, and read aloud by the schoolmaster or church-warden during the winter evenings. The tale is attrac-

tive and has a romantic coloring. The book neither discourages emigration, nor does it strengthen the foolish illusions which are current among the people. But in plain terms it calls attention to the great and many difficulties which the German emigrant has to overcome in America; while at the same time it offers to those who take with them courage, perseverance, resolution, and above all industry, the prospect of a subsistence, laborious indeed, but free from anxiety. And lastly it abounds in practical hints, which may be of the greatest service to emigrants; and if it is introduced among those who are intending to seek a new home, it cannot but assist them in forming a much more correct judgment of North America; and of what they may expect to encounter. — *Blätter für Literarische Unterhaltung.*

Written for the Daguerreotype.

SKETCHES OF LIVING AUTHORS.

HEINRICH ZSCHOCKE.

Heinrich Zschocke was born at Magdeburg, in the year 1771. He was the son of a cloth weaver in independent circumstances, and the youngest of a large family of children. His parents died while he was yet in his childhood, and he appears to have been sent from one school to another, without gaining the good will of his teachers, or acquiring much learning. But his mind was not inactive; it was his delight to listen to the tales related by old country-people, and Robinson Crusoe and the Thousand and One Nights supplied him with unfailing nourishment. In his twelfth year he began to keep a diary for the purpose of self-examination.

When he was seventeen years old a boyish trick induced him to run away; he went to Schwerin, and became theatrical composer to a strolling company. The life which he led during the next two years gave him a self-reliance in which he had hitherto been deficient. When the troupe was broken up he went to the High School at Frankfurt on the Oder, studied theology, philosophy, history, and poetry, and wrote 'The Bandit Aballino,' a dramatic monstrosity which was represented with great eclat on all the German stages, and has been acted even at Vienna within a few years, but of which the author was afterwards heartily ashamed. When he wrote this piece he was a sceptic in religion. He became, however, a candidate for the minis-

try, and preached in Magdeburg, his native town. The French revolution broke out, and Zschocke, the enemy of all oppression, the natural friend of all the oppressed, saw in all the horrors that were enacted in France "only the desperate resistance of a nation trodden under foot by the nobility and the priesthood."

With these political opinions there was no chance of promotion in the Prussian dominions, and Zschocke went to Switzerland. Here he became acquainted with Pestalozzi, and other distinguished men, and here, in the institution of Reichenau, — the same which a few years later furnished the Duke of Chartres, the future King Louis Philippe, with a subsistence, — he devoted himself with enthusiasm to the occupation of a schoolmaster. This peaceful career soon, however, came to a close; the armies of the Franks overran Switzerland; the Russians invaded the country under Suwarow; and Austria incited the peasants to a counter-revolution against the patriots, among whom Zschocke was prominent. He took refuge with the French, and was appointed to an office which enabled him to render important services to his adopted country.

After the peace of Luneville he retired into private life, and determined thenceforth to teach and preach through the instrumentality of his pen. He wrote especially for the people, and produced a powerful impression by his 'Swiss Messenger' and his 'History of Switzerland for the Swiss People.' He still continued to be the bit-

ter enemy of the patrician nobility and of the priesthood, and thus drew upon himself much opposition; but during the terrors of warfare and civil tumult his religious principles had become clear, firm, and steady. In the year 1807 he conceived the plan of his great work, the 'Hours of Devotion.' It was, as he himself says, a period in which the suffering nations of Europe were literally thirsting for the consolations of religion; in church and chapel, in processions and pilgrimages, at mass and sermons, there was evidently a much warmer spirit of devotion; never had they been so ready for the voice of the teacher, so well disposed to return to the true spirit of the Gospel of Jesus. The twenty-seven editions in which this work has been circulated through Germany, and the numerous translations which have been made of it into other languages, show that the want of such a

work was deeply felt, and that the work was calculated to meet that want. The author was long unknown, as it was only a few years ago that Zschocke acknowledged it for his own. Between the years 1817 and 1823 appeared his valuable 'Contributions to the History of our Time,' which like all his works have the moral and social improvement of the people for their object.

Zschocke, at the age of seventy-seven, but in the full enjoyment of all his mental and bodily faculties, is now living in the neighbourhood of Aarau. His career has been fostered by the patronage of princes, but the calm evening of his busy life will be cheered by the consoling thought, that thousands of his fellow creatures have been made happier and better by his exertions.

A RESIDENCE AT ROME IN 1846.

Notes of a Residence at Rome in 1846.
By a Protestant Clergyman.

So much has been written upon Rome, ancient and modern, civil and ecclesiastical, that it might be thought a new volume upon such a subject could hardly awaken curiosity or inspire interest. Every spot of ground has been so repeatedly explored, and every object so well described, that even ordinary readers are almost as well informed as if they had personally visited the marvels of the Eternal City. Yet there is a kind of magic in the name which still seems irresistible, — and in one respect at least there is room for originality. As Rome is the citadel of Catholicism, the Protestant world may well be solicitous to know how far that ancient system can endure the light of growing intelligence, and what is the attitude of the Church in reference to the grand social and moral improvements of the present day. The political characteristics of the Papal Court would form a new and instructive chapter in the history of our age, that could not fail to interest all classes, and invest this otherwise exhausted subject with some degree of novelty.

In this one respect we confess that Mr. Vicary has disappointed us. His volume is written exclusively upon the Church, — and yet the notices of the kind to which we have referred are so scanty, that it is clear they have found their way into the composition rather by accident than by design. Even of such rare and incidental observations, some have their application rather to

the late government than to that of the present Pope. Thus, for instance, in commenting upon the multiplication of churches, which are already far more numerous than the wants of the inhabitants, our author observes:—

"The funds which are thus uselessly bestowed might with much greater wisdom be applied to objects of undoubted utility. To improve the navigation of the Tiber from Rome to Ostia would be productive of the greatest prosperity to both these cities. That classic river is navigable only for boats of twenty tons burden, and has evidently deteriorated since the days when the Cæsars carried on its waters the ponderous spoils of Egypt. A rail-road, too, from Civita Vecchia — a distance of forty miles — would easily and expeditiously convey merchandise and passengers from that excellent port. This would be a national benefit; and would steadily and to a large extent increase the revenue. These subjects have been brought under the notice of the government; but, owing to the peculiar shortsightedness and narrow views which have ever characterized the measures of the Papal executive, they have been either postponed or abandoned. The reason is evident. The march of improvement, and the general change in the minds of men and things, which have strongly marked the last quarter of a century, have been viewed with jealousy and alarm by the occupants of the Vatican. They fear — and, perhaps, not without foundation — that the elements of change and innovation which have been working amidst society, — in commerce, science, and literature, — would, if suffered to approach the Roman capital, be transferred to the religious system which, enthroned here, as at

a great heart, sends forth its streams to so large a portion of the world. Their strength consists in resisting change; and they are too well aware that were its influences once permitted to operate, the religion of Rome, with its mitred prince, and all the proud superstructure which has held in vassalage for ages both the minds and bodies of men, would run the hazard of crumbling into dust."

Now, while it would be idle to deny that these censures are just in reference to the past, it is notorious that the accession of the present Pope has brought new and more liberal principles into operation, likely to prove the commencement of a more auspicious era for the Catholic world. It is reasonable to suppose that these principles must have been long working their way in secret ere they attained to their present power. We cannot imagine such views to be held by the reigning pontiff only; and we should have been glad to know, from a thoughtful witness, to what extent he possesses the sympathy of the clergy, and above all the confidence of the people at large. But on these points Mr. Vicary is unaccountably silent. He gives us, however, one interesting portrait—that of Lambruschini, the papal Prime Minister during the reign of the late Pope.—

"Of the whole body of cardinals he is the most remarkable and striking. There are many beyond him in years—for his age is only between fifty and sixty—but none in personal appearance. His carriage is erect and manly; his head fine and intellectual. He possesses an eye dark, but full of fire, bespeaking equally vigor and decision. The forehead is high and beautifully formed, indicating no want of mental faculty; his features are handsome, and lose none of their expression in the disfiguring dress he wears. In fact, every line of his face declares him a man to whom nature has given no ordinary ability, as it tells us that that endowment has been cultivated by study and education. He looks like one who has the cares of state upon him, and I should say he was not unequal to the task. Lambruschini possessed the unlimited confidence of the late Pope; he was more than his Prime Minister,—he was his Cabinet, his '*alter ego*.' Gregory never engaged in any serious matter without having first availed himself of his advice; and instances are not wanting where he had failed to fulfil a promise, or had broken a pledged resolution, because it did not meet with the concurrence of his Minister. The Pope was a cautious and timid man, and, though not devoid of penetration, felt the want of all those qualities which he found to his hand in his favorite cardinal. Although in so high a position, he did not abuse it. There seemed to have been a reciprocal affection; the Pope's estimation of him was well known; and during the processions Lambruschini used frequently to turn, as it were, to see that his aged sovereign

and bishop was duly attended to and taken care of. Lambruschini is decidedly patriotic, and has done more than any man in modern times to repair the shattered edifice of Romanism. But it is a question whether his inflexible character is best calculated to promote the objects he has in view. The ground he takes is too high, and less adapted to the present aspect and position of the Roman Church than altered times and circumstances warrant. He forgets that Romanism is on the decline, and that the weakness, if not the imbecility of age, has beset her, while her policy and plans would become more the meridian of her strength. In the long disputes with Russia he never yielded—a ridiculous warfare with a potentate so powerful and energetic as the Czar. The front that he has generally opposed to France has been bold and uncompromising. It is very possible that Lambruschini will one day occupy the pontifical throne; the Roman church will have a Pope of worth and probity, but the Roman people a decided enemy to reformation and free institutions."

We have been struck with the candid and enlightened spirit in which Mr. Vicary has discussed so much at large the various ceremonies of the Catholic religion. He writes as a Protestant—but without bitterness. Few, if any, expressions escape him which could give reasonable ground of offence to any member of the Catholic communion. His manner is that of one who feels that the time is come when differing churches should learn to live in peace and deal tenderly with the errors of one another. This feature of the book before us we mention as its highest praise. But it abounds, besides, with vivid and eloquent pictures of the festivals and processions of the church, drawn with perfect freedom and yet without the alloy of rancorous hostility. Even the disapprobation which a Protestant may feel is rather implied than expressed. On the whole, we are inclined to think that this volume contains the most copious, interesting, and unobjectionable description of Ecclesiastical Rome that has yet been produced.

For this reason, we will give an extract or two which may be taken as fair samples of the kind of entertainment which our author has provided for his readers. The first, on the picture of St. Anthony preaching to the fishes, will indicate our author's more humorous vein;—which we do not certainly offer to our readers as of a very perilous or exciting quality.

"When Alexander arrived at the sea, he wept that the boundaries of conquest had so soon arrived; not so St. Anthony;—more ambitious, he launches his weapons of persuasion against the hordes of the world of waters, prisoning them by his arguments, and thus left the hero of antiquity in the shade. Among the fish you can observe several sorts and species. The cod approaches with a beard like another capuchin,

and plashes its neighbours to obtain a nearer view of the holy man. The gurnet elevates its hard head, with its eyes fixed full upon the saint's visage: its character is easily known, from the genuine brownish red, which proclaims its identity. The salmon, with its silver scales, skims along the surface, and by the splutter that it makes seems to have had a sort of pharisaical devotion—a theatrical display to catch the eye of the preacher. Flat-fish there are none. Probably turbot or sole would have discomposed St. Anthony; the spectators, too, might have supplied this deficiency. The larger 'sea beasts,' whales or seals, have pursued their usual career in the ocean, but the smaller fry are innumerable. Or it may be an allegory, for which we do not give the painter and his patron sufficient credit. Indeed, it must be so; as St. Anthony must have known that water is a non-conductor of sound, and that fishes do not hear. It represents, then, the different classes of hearers—the conduct of the converts of his times. The cod may be taken as the type of sincerity; its whole look and demeanour bespeak this. The gurnet is also the mark of a class. But I think the artist or abbot would have us believe that the preacher could have but little effect there, also, its bony cranium resisting all his words; like many who listen to a sermon, and do not suffer the words to penetrate within. The salmon, it is evident, indicates coxcombs; those who dress gaudily and carry their worldly airs into the temples. The flat-fish, deaf to his calls, manifestly points out men whom the cares or pleasures of the world keep out of sight at the bottom. Again, observe the skill displayed. There are no eels listening; such slippery, tortuous persons hardly ever attend a sermon. Whales are absent at their usual avocations; such great sinners then, as now, no doubt, would give little heed to ministers. Viewed in this light, we may discover in this picture penetration and knowledge of human nature rarely equalled."

Among the remarkable paintings abounding in Italian churches, our author describes one, of the most daring and extraordinary conception.

"Leaving the square at Lucca, which contains the cathedral, built with alternate pieces of white and black marble, I entered a long and narrow street, and when I had traversed it for about half a mile, I suddenly came upon the ancient and massive church of San Martino. It contains some pictures by the old masters, several altars, as usual, and a few monuments. But the object that struck me most, and deeply arrested my attention, was a fresco painting on the west end and on the outside. The Virgin is represented inflicting corporal punishment upon the youthful Jesus. She holds a rod in her hand, with the other she holds the garments of the child. She is in the act of inflicting punishment. The child is in alarm, and its eyes are eagerly directed to St. Anna, the mother of the Virgin, in the background, entreating her intercession to escape the cruel ordeal. The look of the Virgin is not that of affection, but has the stern and harsh

appearance which we might imagine a school-mistress to have when engaged in a similar occupation. Under the picture is written, in very legible characters, '*Jure matris rege filio.*'"

One more extract must bring our notice of this pleasant volume to a close.

"The Capuchins of the monastery on the south slope of the Pincian are interred under their own church. After they have lain a sufficient time for the worm or the damp to divest the bones of the enveloping muscles, the brotherhood descend into the narrow house and raise the skeleton from its long repose. They then place it in an upright position in the chapel exactly under the church, and dress it in the coarse robes the Capuchin wore during life. There may be seen a spectacle sufficiently harrowing. A group so gaunt and grim, probably, has never existed, except in the pages of poetry or romance. But 'truth is strange, stranger than fiction.' There they stand, as silent as the grave they have left,—dark and mute as midnight. It is a scene that freezes, casting over the heart some of the gloom that surrounds the place, and reflecting there much of its desolation. The bare skulls and the hollow eyes meet you at every step, and it is impossible to divest one's-self of the idea that they are unearthly, looking upon you, and searching into your soul. While we wander in this wide grave, imagination gives them life, and in the flickering light of the torch a limb seems now to be in motion and hand now to be upraised, those bare teeth seem to chatter, and that dark form to move suddenly towards you. There they stand in files, as if you had visited Plato's realms and beheld unveiled the dread proceedings below. A minute before all was life in the streets above;—here is the stillness and reality of death. There the Italian sun bathes towers and temples in its living light;—but here darkness was removed only to discover decay. I pity the poor Capuchin who looks forward to this as his resting-place; denied the slumber of the tomb—that sleep that knows no waking,—pillowed with no sister or sire, nor with the freshness of morn over his cold bed, the sunbeams warming it into verdure, or the starlight falling upon it, like messengers from Heaven. His sleep is broken, the sanctuary of his repose defiled, that he may stand as a gazing-stock to the stupid populace—a mark for the sneer of the thoughtless or the jest of the profane. Such a scene certainly can be of no use to the living, and it is obviously deficient in respect for the dead. The earth, our common mother, claims those perishing elements, and it would seem to be sacrilege to take them from her bosom."

The reader will find much more of the same quality in Mr. Vicary's pages;—none of the amusement which they yield taking, as we have said, in any degree the character of prejudice or the language of offence. The book harmonizes well with the new tone of thought and feeling awakened in, and towards, Rome.—*Athenæum.*

MADEMOISELLE LENORMAND.

Many of our readers, no doubt, are familiar with the name of the extraordinary person who, since the year 1789, has practised the arts of chiromancy and astrology in the French capital, and who, in the most sceptical epoch, and among the most sceptical people of modern times, has been able to maintain, for more than half a century, the reputation of an almost infallible interpreter of the decrees of fate. Some anecdotes of this Pythoness of our own days, derived from sources which we have reason to believe authentic, are offered in the following pages to those who take interest in such things. Of what may seem to verge on the marvellous, in the circumstances we have to relate, it is not our task to supply the *rationale*: we leave that as a problem for our psychological friends, to whose ken there is no mist impenetrable, no millstone opaque. He that can fathom animal magnetism may try his plummet in the mysteries of the palm and of the stars: we go not into matters that would take us out of our depth.

Mademoiselle Lenormand was born in 1772, at Alençon in Normandy, and received her education in the Benedictine convent of that place, at the royal expense. The good nuns were far from dreaming what an embryo sorceress their cloister nursed in its bosom; though by her own account, there must have been something about her, even then, unlike other children, and calculated to give the impression that the little king's-charity-scholar was not altogether "canny." "She remembers," writes one who was much in communication with her between the years 1811 and 1813, "having a singular power of observation and imagination since she was seven years old, and an expression she often uses, in reference to that period of her life, is — *I was a waking somnambulist*." At an early age, Paris became her abode, and here we find her, in her seventeenth year, already embarked in the profession of a fortune-teller, and applying herself with ardor to the study of astronomy and algebra, the knowledge of which she believed indispensable to the perfection she aimed at in the divinatory art. She rose rapidly into note. The persons who came, led perhaps more by curiosity than by credulity, to test her prophetic powers, were confounded by the acquaintance she displayed with the most secret details of their past history, and learned to place a reluctant confidence, at variance with all their habits of thought, in her predictions of the future. Meanwhile, the revolution proceeded, and it was the lot of our Pythoness to become involved in one of the

countless plots which the distracted times were hourly bringing forth. It was a project for the liberation of the queen, then in the Temple prison, which proved fruitless, from the impossibility of inducing Marie Antoinette to embrace any opportunity of escape, which was to involve a separation from her children. Lenormand's connexion with this enterprise led to her own arrest, and she found herself an inmate of the prison of the Petite Force, from which she was afterwards removed to that of the Luxembourg. Although at this time the "reign of terror" had already begun its course of blood, and the citizen once breathed on by suspicion — especially of royalist plotting — had little to do but prepare for the guillotine, Lenormand was no way frightened by this turn in her affairs, her astrological calculations assuring her, as she said, that her life was safe, and that her imprisonment would not be of long duration. The result showed that, unlike the augur-tribe in general, she had read the book of fate as truly for herself as she did for others. Robespierre's fall found her happily still among the unguillotined, and placed her at liberty, with the remnant that were in the same case.

Her sojourn in the Luxembourg, however, had brought her into contact, among others, with Josephine Beauharnais. Josephine had once had her fortune told, by an Obi woman in the West Indies; she now got it done a second time by Lenormand, and had the satisfaction to find that the black and the white sibyls spelled her destinies alike. We say the satisfaction, because it really was satisfactory, to one for whose neck the guillotine's tooth, so to speak, was on edge, to hear from two different fortune-tellers, so widely apart both in geography and complexion, that years of life and greatness were before her. The agreement could not but dispose to belief, and it is not rash to surmise that Josephine's mind was all the easier, for her conference with the Norman prophetess, during the term that yet intervened, before the auspicious event that restored both to freedom. This event itself was no slight confirmation of Lenormand's credit; and when Josephine, about two years after, married Napoleon Bonaparte, and perhaps discovered in him the aspirings of that ambition which boded her the fulfilment of those more dazzling promises of her horoscope, that stood yet unredeemed, she did not fail to talk to him of the gifted mortal who had shared her captivity, and by whom such great things had been prognosticated for her, and, by the plainest implica-

tion, for him as her husband. Few men were more superstitious at heart than he to whom these conjugal revelations were made: he saw Lenormand, and it is said (though we fear on doubtful authority) that she foretold him the successive stages of the career he was destined to run—his elevation to the summit of power, his fall, and his death in exile. What measure of faith may have been yielded by Napoleon to these vaticinations (supposing they were ever uttered), we have of course no means of knowing; but, from the time of his attaining the imperial dignity, it is certain that Lenormand became an object of suspicion to him, the effects of which she often found troublesome enough. Perhaps the emperor thought that she who had predicted his overthrow would not scruple to use means to compass it. Be that as it may, a jealous watchfulness was now exercised, not only towards the prophetess herself, but towards those who came to consult her; more than once she was arrested, and had to undergo a rigorous interrogatory at the *palais de justice*. On one of these occasions, a remarkable expression fell from her; it was on the 11th of December, 1809, when, being pressed to explain an obscure answer she had just given to some question which had been addressed to her, she said, "My answer is a problem, the solution of which I reserve till the 31st of March, 1814." What the question was, to which this reply was given, does not appear, but we hardly need to remind the reader that, eight days before, the fifth anniversary of Napoleon's coronation had been celebrated with a splendor enhanced by the presence of five of his royal vassals, the Kings of Saxony, Westphalia, Wirtemberg, Holland, and Naples; and that on the day named by Lenormand for the solution of her "problem"—the allies entered Paris.

And now to our promised anecdotes, the first of which we find in a communication addressed to our friend Doctor Justinus Kerner, by a lady who subscribes herself "Countess N. N.," and who is the same we referred to a while ago, as having had a great deal to do with the Pythoness, between the years 1811 and 1813. Let us premise that the countess's real name is known to the doctor, though she chooses to be only N. N. to the public:—

"On the 5th May, 1811, the Duchess of Courland and I, having disguised ourselves as citizens' wives of Paris, drove to the entrance of the Faubourg St. Germain, and, leaving our carriage there, took a *fiacre*, and proceeded to Mlle. Lenormand's, in the Rue Tournon. After we had rung and knocked several times, a young girl appeared, and told us we could not see Mademoiselle L., as she was at moment engaged, and that we must either come another time, or wait till she was at leisure to receive us.

We chose the latter, and were shown into a room, in which books, prints, paintings, stuffed animals, musical and other instruments, bottles with snakes and lizards in spirits, wax fruits, artificial flowers, and a medley of other articles, covered the walls, the tables, and the floor, leaving scarcely an unoccupied spot for the eye to rest on. It was fully two hours before any one came near us, during which time we heard the house-door, as well as that of the adjoining cabinet, open and shut repeatedly. At last, when our patience was almost worn out, the door of the room we were in was opened, and a figure, of a height and breadth that surprised us, made its appearance. It was Mlle. Lenormand. There was undeniably something imposing in the picture she presented: her bulk nearly filled the door; her air was marked by a stately composure, and the expression of her countenance had the kind of solemnity one expects to find in the professor of a mysterious art. She had broad, flat features, and wore a black silk morning dress, and a cap with a deep border, that completely covered the hair. She beckoned us into the cabinet, seated herself in a high arm-chair, before a large table, on which lay astronomical charts and papers covered with calculations, and pointed to two lower seats, which we took possession of. She now looked good-humoredly at us, and told us we were disguised. We confessed it; she said nothing further on the subject, and when taking leave, we named ourselves of our own accord."

We must here interrupt the countess to say, that we regret she should have thought it necessary to maintain an *incognito* with us, which she was so obliging as to drop towards Mlle. Lenormand. Countesses that have anything out of the common way to tell, should eschew the anonymous, lest readers of an incredulous turn of mind should be led to suspect that they are no countesses at all. Letters of the alphabet are bad vouchers for a tough story; even the newspapers will not insert your account of a "man's nose bitten off by an oyster," unless you send your real name and address. "Q. Z." will not do. And what better is "N. N."? For any thing one knows, it may stand for Nobody, of Nowhere.

As our countess, however, has not thought proper to name herself, it is well that she has not practised the same reserve in relation to the Duchess of Courland. The duchess is a good guarantee for the authenticity of the countess; for this Duchess of Courland is a real personage, Anna Charlotte Dorothea by name, a born Von Medem, and third wife and relict of Peter, last Duke of Courland, who died the 13th of January, 1800. She was born the 8th of February, 1761 (consequently had entered her fifty-first year but three months before the "lark" we find her engaged in), and was married the 6th of November, 1779. She lives (if she has not died since

1822) on her estate of Loebichau, in the principality of Altenburg, and has a jointure of sixty thousand florins (or five thousand pounds sterling) a-year. Her youngest daughter, Dorothea, was married, in 1809, to the nephew of Prince Talleyrand. The reader sees that in the Duchess of Courland we have got a tangible fact, taken in connection with which, the Countess N. N. becomes at least a fair probability; and now let the fair probability proceed with her narrative, secure from further interruption:—

“After the duchess had been disposed of, my turn came, and Mlle. L. interrogated me as follows:—

“‘The first letter of your Christian name?’

“‘A.’

“‘The year, day, and hour of your birth?’

“‘Sunday, the 18th of May, 1777, four o’clock in the afternoon.

“‘Your favorite colors?’

“‘Black and white.’

“‘Favorite fruits?’

“‘Pine-apple and mulberry.’

“‘In walking, whether do you like best to go, up hill or down.

“‘Up.’

“‘Your favorite animals?’

“‘Eagle, swan, dog, and horse.’

“‘She now glanced into the chart of the heavens, told me that I stood under the influences of Venus and Jupiter, and then proceeded to detail the events of my past life, with a particularity and a fidelity, which filled me with wonder—many of the circumstances which she related being such as I believed known to no human being but myself. While thus engaged, she did not once look at me, but kept her eyes fixed on the chart, from which she seemed to be reading aloud.

“‘At last she raised her eyes to mine, and asked—

“‘Do you desire to know the future?’

“‘I took this opportunity of observing the expression of her eyes, into which I looked for a few moments before answering. There was, however, nothing unusual to be detected in them, nothing indicating a state of somnambulism, no gleam of prophetic rapture, not a characteristic to mark them as the organs of a preternatural vision. You would say that the soul which looked through such eyes was guiltless of all commerce with the powers of an invisible world, and that if Mlle. Lenormand *really* divined at all, it was by the rules of an art learned by rote, and not by any oracular promptings from within.

“‘Incredible as the existence of such an art might seem, it was not more so in relation to the future than to the past. If the sibyl could see all I had left behind me in the journey of life, why should that which was yet before me be hid from her? She had shown me what was gone: why should I doubt her ability to bring to my view that which was to come.

“‘With such thoughts as these, I answered her question in the affirmative. On this she took

my left hand, gazed on its lines, wrote down some numbers on a sheet of paper, reckoned, contemplated the celestial chart, again pored over my hand, again wrote and reckoned, and so on for not less than two hours. The duchess got tired, and went away, and I at last began to be faint with hunger. Mlle. L. had a cup of soup brought to me, and said, ‘Have patience, for I have something to learn here.’ At last her calculations appeared to be brought to a satisfactory result, and she dictated to me what follows:—

“‘A singular destiny! You will see more high mountains than you think—will ascend more than you will wish to do. One day, and that in 1813, during the war, you will have to fly; your people will be ill-used and made prisoners; you yourself also will be carried away one morning, at one o’clock, by men with long beards, and by men wearing chains and coats of mail, who will require of you a breach of fidelity towards him who will die on the rock. Three state prisoners will owe their lives to your intercession. In Venice, a poet whom you have never seen, and never will see, will feel himself impelled to make it a request to you, that after his death you will pray for him as often as you enjoy the view of any thing pre-eminently beautiful in nature. Your life will be spent in courts, because the choice of your heart is solitude; this is the contradiction that presides over your earthly existence. Your first long journey will be from Germany to Italy, whither you will go at the instance of a sovereign; and you will be invested with an order, the decoration of which you will either never wear, or wear for the first time at a very advanced age. Satiated with honors, and weary of the great world, you will die of years, in a fair *château*, standing in the midst of gardens. Many will be around you at your death, and form, as it were, a little court. Your life, and all that awaits you, is wonderful. Your wishes point to tranquillity and retirement, but these will evade your search: they are denied you, just because you seek them.

“‘One thing more—a great thing—will happen to you, but I cannot tell you what it is; it is nothing bad, but it must remain a secret. Before 1867 all will have been fulfilled.’

“‘After this followed much that related to family matters, and which, except in some few points, has since been verified. But as a great part of these communications was of a painful nature, turning on the death of friends, and other sorrows which were in store for me, I can say that I learned from my horoscope at least one lesson—never to wish again to pry into the secrets of futurity. As to the fulfilment of the above, I have to say, that the year 1813 brought all that was predicted. The poet in Venice proved to be Lord Byron, and I keep the promise I made him, and will keep it as long as I live. The journey to Italy was undertaken in consequence of an invitation of Pope Leo XII. His death prevented the establishment of an institution for sick persons at Varenna, which he

wished me to preside over, and for which the arrangements were already in a state of forwardness. With a view to my holding this position, the Maltese cross was promised me; but I made no application to the pontifical government for the performance of this promise, wishing neither to wear the order, nor to pay the fees for it, when the object, for which it was to have been conferred on me, was given up. From that time the prophecy awaits its further accomplishment.

"This was but the first of many visits which I paid, in that and the next two years, to Mlle. Lenormand. Friends living at a distance commissioned me to consult her, and, as long as I remained at Paris, a month seldom passed without some communication between us. To calculate the nativity of absent persons, she required the day and hour of their birth in their own handwriting; she asked neither the name of the applicant, his birth-place, nor the country in which he lived. I brought her the leaf on which the necessary particulars were written, settled the price to be paid (six francs, one, two, or four louis d'or), and in eight days I had the answer. It turned out that the prophecies which went most into details (that is, those which were the highest paid for), were least borne out by the result.

"Since 1813, when I left Paris, I have had no further intelligence of Mlle. Lenormand."

So far Countess N. N., of whose unsatisfactory way of telling her story we must here again complain. After giving us the prophecy word for word, she ought to have given the fulfilment, event for event, told us all about the "high mountains" (which we have to guess were the Alps and Appenines), the "men with long beards" (Cossacks, of course), the others wearing "chains and coats of mail," and explained what "breach of fidelity" they required of her, towards "him who was to die upon the rock" — in whom there is no very great difficulty in recognizing Napoleon. She might have done worse, too, than let us know who were the "three prisoners of state that owed their lives to her intercession."

Our next contribution is from a personage every way more authentic and responsible than the Countess N. N., namely, the President Von Malchus, who, about forty years ago, played a somewhat considerable part in European affairs. He was born in 1770, at Mannheim, where his father held some subordinate appointment in the household of the Duke of Deux-ponts. The duke, discovering indications of talent in the boy, took care that he should enjoy every advantage of education; he was placed in the Gymnasium of Mannheim in his fifteenth year, and, after two years of preparatory study, proceeded to the University of Heidelberg, from which he afterwards removed to that of Göttingen. In

1790, he exchanged an academic life for one devoted to diplomacy, being made private secretary to the Count of Westphalia, minister of state to the Elector of Mayence. After this he occupied various posts of gradually increasing importance, till 1803, when he was intrusted with a high "cameral" appointment by the King of Prussia. When the kingdom of Westphalia was erected, in 1807, he was called to give King Jerome (the most brainless of the Bonaparte family), the aid of his financial abilities, first as a member of the council of state, and afterwards as director-general of imposts, and liquidator-general of the national debt; the last-mentioned office, however, after a short tenure, he gave up, and we rather think the office itself was abolished, as calculated to create a popular delusion — to say nothing of its being a sinecure. During the next three years he was employed in various missions (to Berlin, Hanover, Paris, &c.), the object of which, it is our impression, was generally something connected with money matters, as the bent of his genius was decidedly that way. From this period, the rise of his fortunes was rapid. In 1811, he was named minister of Finance; in 1812, of War; and in 1813, of the Interior: simultaneously with this last charge, he received the title of Count Marienrode, Jerome probably thinking that such an accumulation of employments (leaving no one domestic or foreign affair of the kingdom that Malchus was not to manage) would be too much for the head of a simple commoner. After the dissolution of the Westphalian monarchy, Malchus took up his residence at Heidelberg, where for some time his position was by no means an enviable one, in consequence of the violent attacks, both in reference to his administration and his personal character, of which he found himself the object. However, he showed his assailants a bold front, and published a memoir, in which the charges against him were ably combated. He lived some years in privacy, and with straitened means; at length, in 1817, he entered the service of the King of Wirtemberg, who placed him at the head of his old department of finance. From what causes we are not informed, he held his appointment little more than a year. A pension of four thousand florins was conferred upon him at his retirement; and, taking up his abode once more in Heidelberg, he devoted the rest of his days to the "cultivation of the sciences." In this occupation — a considerably pleasanter one, we reckon, than liquidating the national debt — he was engaged up to the year 1838, and may, for any thing we know, be engaged at the present writing.

So much to advise the reader who President Malchus properly is or was, and now to his ac-

count of what passed between himself and Mlle. Lenormand.

He had heard, he tells us, of the far-famed divineress long before he saw, or supposed that he ever would see her, and the way in which her name came to his ears was this. There was a certain Count Morio in the Westphalian service, a Frenchman by birth, whom King Jerome had appointed marshal of the palace, and in concert with whom the finance-minister had received orders to remodel the royal household, with a view to its being placed on a more economical footing. This business necessitated frequent and prolonged interviews between the two officials, which took place at the house of Malchus; and at these, Morio, after the lapse of about an hour, generally became uneasy, and showed a marked anxiety to terminate the sitting and to get home. This impatience was quite inexplicable to his colleague, who one day asked him the reason of it.

"The reason is," replied Morio, "that my wife is in an agony of dread if I remain out of her sight a moment after the time she has reckoned to see me."

"And why?" inquired Malchus.

Morio then related that his wife, before he met with her, had had her nativity cast by Mlle. Lenormand, who, among other things, had told her that she would be married three times. Her first husband would be a man between whom and herself no acquaintance at that time existed: the marriage would be a very advantageous one, and put her in possession of all she could reasonably wish for, but when blest with the fulfilment of her highest wish—to be in the way of becoming a mother—she would, soon after a great fire, receive in her house a visitor of great distinction, and, not long after, lose her husband by a violent death.

Married a second time, not so brilliantly, but still very well, she would return to her native country (she was a Creole), where she would in a short time lose her second husband, and marry a third, who would survive her.

After this explanation, Malchus seems to have indulged, as far as it was possible, the wish of his fellow-laborer to shorten the hours of business. One day, however, he found it necessary to continue the sitting considerably beyond the usual time, when Morio, unable to contain his anxiety, at last insisted upon breaking off, and said, "Come, *monsieur le ministre*, do me the honor to accompany me home; you shall see for yourself the state of terror in which my absence places my wife, and you will never again blame my reluctance to prolong that terror an avoidable moment." Malchus complied, and found the countess in a state of suffering which her

husband had not at all exaggerated. When she learned that he had been made acquainted by Morio with the ground of her apprehensions, she said, "You can judge, then, whether I have cause to tremble for my husband's life. In every other particular the prophecy has been verified. I did not know him, nor he me; my marriage with him was a most advantageous one, and has truly put me in possession of all I could reasonably wish for; I am so happy as to have the prospect of being a mother, and that very soon; the "great fire" has unfortunately taken place—it was the burning of the palace; the "distinguished visitor" is no longer to be waited for, for the king, in consequence of that calamity, established himself here in the Bellevue (the name of a palace in Cassel, in which Morio, as chief of the royal household, resided), and we had to give him up several rooms. Yes, I must tremble when I think of the stage to which my fortunes are arrived, for I am driven to the conclusion that the violent death of my husband is now very near."

Malchus said what he could to tranquillize her; assured her that with him, at least, her husband was perfectly safe, and that one more meeting—though she must not alarm herself if it should prove a somewhat lengthened one—would now terminate the business which took him away from her.

A day or two after this, Morio was at the minister's till about eleven o'clock, and then rode out with the king. On their return, Malchus saw them both pass his house: they rode through the royal mews, where Morio explained various things to the king, while the countess was in such extreme anguish of terror that they had to put her to bed. After a while, the king rode home, but Morio was still detained in the mews.

On a sudden a shot was fired; the countess heard it, sprang frantic out of bed, and shrieked out, "That is my husband—they have shot him!"

It was but too true; poor Morio had been maliciously shot by a French farrier, over whom, on account of his disorderly conduct, it had been found necessary to give a German the preference.

This occurrence made a deep impression upon Malchus, and when the Westphalian catastrophe, in 1813, brought him to Paris, he was not surprised at finding the name of Lenormand in all men's mouths, nor at being urged—almost teased, as he says—by many of his friends, to have his fortune told by her. Among other things, he was assured that she had predicted to Murat, in the time of the consulate, that he would one day be a king; but that Murat had only laughed at her, and said, if that ever came

to pass, he would make her a kingly present, which, also, on his ascending the Neapolitan throne, he did.

Another story, which he heard had some years before been avouched by all the journals of Paris, was this. During the Spanish war, an officer came to Mlle. Lenormand, to learn his destiny, when she assured him distinctly, that a week from that day, somebody would give him, in a coffee-house, the information of his brother's death in Spain. The officer, who was not even certain that his brother was in Spain at all, determined not to go into any coffee-house till after the time predicted. But on the eighth day, some good friend, knowing nothing about the oracle, dragged him by main force into one, the threshold of which he had hardly crossed, when his servant brought him a letter, announcing that his brother, at such and such a place, on such and such an occasion, had been killed in Spain!

Further, it was positively asserted that Napoleon had twice spoken with the sorceress — once at her own house, and the second time at the Tuilleries; but as nobody but Duroc was present, nothing certain could be known of what had passed, for neither of these worthies was likely to give it wind, and she dared not. All, therefore, that people told you so confidently, as having been said by her to the First Consul — that he would be emperor, that his wife (Josephine) was his guardian angel, that he would for a time reign and make war prosperously, but afterwards become unfortunate, subsequently be overcome and dethroned, and at last die in exile — all this, Malchus considers, could have been only conjecture; at least, no one knew any thing certain about it. It struck him more, he says, that the Countess Bocholz (whoever *she* was) was more than once very pressing with him to feel the pulse of the fates, and protested to him that Lenormand had told her circumstances out of her past life, which it had given her a positive thrill of terror to hear, they being things known almost to no human being, and of which Lenormand could by no earthly chance have been informed. Many others of his most intimate friends spoke in the same way, but there was nobody that so much aroused his curiosity, respecting this singular woman, as Doctor Spangenberg, the queen's (what queen's?) physician. This personage, who is described by Malchus as a particularly dry, clear-headed man, who brought every thing to the bar of reason, and admitted nothing that was not susceptible of mathematical proof, assured him, just as every one else did, that it was perfectly incomprehensible what this woman knew, and could tell one. To him, as well as

to the Countess Bocholz, she had presented the picture of his earlier life, in its leading outlines, with the greatest fidelity, reminding him of many things which, even in Mecklenburg (his native country), very few people were aware of, and which, here in Paris, no human soul could know. Also with respect to the present and the paulo-post-future, she had said things to him, which were true, or had since become true, to a degree that was enough to drive one mad. For instance — “he would in eight days’ time receive very interesting intelligence through an old friend, respecting affairs in his own country, but the bringer of this intelligence would die two days after.” He and his friends, with whom he was living at Compiegne, had several times joked about this, and wondered when the messenger, who was to die two days after delivering his message, would make his appearance. At last, on the eighth day, the actor Narcisse, who had spent a considerable time at Cassel, and elsewhere in Germany, arrived, and brought him several pieces of news, which were of great interest for him, but — two days after Narcisse died.

Doctor Spangenberg mentioned further, that at the time of his consulting Lenormand, he was for the first time of his life at Paris; that he had no mind to consult her, but had been teased into doing so by Monsieur de Pful and other friends. He had never before been in the neighbourhood of her house, had never seen her until that day, and, at his visit, told her neither his name nor his circumstances, nor suffered any thing to escape him which could have served her as a clue.

Malchus was at length prevailed on to visit the divineress; the following is his account of the visit, which we give in his own words: —

“All this at length overcame the repugnance I felt towards a sibyl of this species, and I determined to go, intending, however, to put the reality of her miraculous knowledge to every test in my power.

“I was glad to find that the street in which she lived, and even the quarter of the town in which it was situated, was one in which I had never been. I put on a threadbare cast-off surtout, and a very shabby old hat, got into a *fiacre*, and drove to the Faubourg St. Germain, alighted before turning the corner of the Rue Tournon, and proceeded to her house on foot. On my ringing, the door was opened by a little girl, who might be about fourteen years of age. I asked for Mlle. Lenormand, and received answer that she would scarcely be able to speak with me just then, as she was extremely busy. ‘Very well,’ said I; ‘ask her when I may call again?’ After a few moments, the child returned with the answer, ‘Next Saturday, any time after twelve o’clock.’ I expressed my wish

that she would appoint the hour herself, as I had, I said, abundance of leisure, so that it was equal to me at what time I came, and I was anxious that her reception of me should interfere with no other engagement. The little maid disappeared, and presently there came out of the adjoining chamber a woman advanced in years, and, I must confess, not without somewhat witch-like in her appearance, her eyes glancing about her not exactly with fire, but still with an expression of uncommon intelligence and subtlety. Coming straight up to me, and giving me no time to speak, she put a card into my hand, and, with the words, '*Samedi, trois heures, monsieur.*' disappeared again into her cabinet; she hardly saw me half a second, and I had not opened my lips in her presence.

"Saturday came, and I was there (in the same dress) punctually at three o'clock, was again received by the little maid, and requested to wait a few moments, as somebody was just then with Mlle. Lenormand. About ten minutes might have passed, when the door of the cabinet opened, and a young woman, supported by a man under the middle age, came out, weeping so excessively, that one could literally have washed oneself in her tears, and giving utterance to the most heart-piercing lamentations. Her companion did every thing possible to assuage her grief, reminded her that 'the thing, after all, had not been infallibly declared, that the question still remained, whether it would really come to pass,' and so on. There must something terrible have been said to the poor soul.

"I was now ushered in, and made to sit down near the sorceress, at a table that stood by the sofa. As I had heard that, when asked only for the *petit jeu*, (which cost two napoleons), she left out many details, in her sketch of the past, the present, and the future, I at once signified my desire to have the *grand jeu*, of which four napoleons is the price.

"She then asked me—

"1. The initial letter of my Christian name.

"2. That of my surname.

"3. Of my country.

"4. Of the place of my birth.

"5. My age—to be given with as much exactitude as was in my power: it so happened that I could state it even to the hour, and did so.

"6. The name of my favorite flower.

"7. The name of my favorite animal.

"8. The name of the animal to which I had the greatest repugnance.

"Upon this, she took, in addition to some seven packs of cards which already lay on the table, seven packs more, making in all fourteen packs. They were, however, of very different kinds; for instance, Tarok-cards, old German cards, whist cards, cards marked with the celestial bodies, cards with necromantic figures, and I know not what all besides. She now shuffled one pack after another, giving me each pack, after she had shuffled it, to cut. Naturally, I was going to do this with the right hand, but she prevented me, and said, '*La main gauche, monsieur.*' To try whether she said this merely

to mystify me, or would seriously make a point of it, I cut the second pack with the left hand, but took the right again to the third; but she interposed instantly, and repeated, '*La main gauche, monsieur.*' Out of each pack, after cutting, I had to draw (still with the left hand) a certain number of cards, prescribed by her; not the same number out of each pack, but from one more, from another less: from the Tarok cards, for instance, twenty-five; from another pack, six; from a third, ten; and so on. The cards thus drawn she arranged in a certain order on the table; all the rest were put aside.

"She then took my left hand, and surveyed it very attentively, taking particular notice of all its lines and intersections. After a little while, she commenced counting the lines upwards and downwards, and from side to side, pronouncing at the same time the names of the heavenly bodies. At length, she opened a great necromantic book which lay near her, and in which were drawn an immense variety of hands, with all their linear marks: these drawings she compared carefully, one after another, with my hand, till she found one that was marked in a similar way. Then, turning to the cards arranged on the table, she studied them with great intentness, went from one to another, numbering and calculating very busily, till at last she began to speak, and to tell me, out of the cards before her, my past, present and future destinies. She spoke very rapidly, and as if reading out of a book; and I observed that if, in running on, she happened to revert a second time to any thing already mentioned, she stated it in the very same words as at first—in short, exactly as if she were reading it again out of the book.

"Of my past history, she told me, to my infinite astonishment, much that I myself had almost forgotten, which, probably, there was no one in my own country that knew or remembered, and which most certainly was known to nobody at Paris.

"Among other things, she said—'You have more than once been in peril of life; in particular, within your five first years, you had a narrow escape of drowning.'

"Who told her that in my fourth year I fell into the great pond at Schwetzingen?

"More than once you have been in danger of losing your life by fire.'

"This, too, is true.

"You were born in circumstances which did not offer you the prospect of high station in the world; nevertheless, you have attained it. Very early in life you began to labor for distinction of some sort; you were not yet five-and-twenty when you first entered the service of the state, but it was in a very subordinate position.'

"How did she find out that I received my first official appointment at nineteen?

"Then she proceeded to reckon up to me a multitude of particulars of my past life, in particular, placing the different sections of it before me in so definite and distinct a manner, that I began to feel a kind of horror creeping over me, as if I had been in the presence of a spirit.

"With respect to the last section but one (my taking office in Westphalia), she remarked, that it had not at first appeared likely to become very brilliant, but that circumstances had soon occurred, which had given it such a character.

"Of the present she spoke with the same accuracy.

"Of the future, some things that she said were characterized by a true Sibylline obscurity, or might have been compared to that Pythian utterance, 'If Cæsar crosses the Phasis, a great kingdom will fall.' Some things, on the other hand, she expressed in a clear and unambiguous manner, and they have proved true.

"For example, she said, 'You are in great anxiety about your family'—which indeed I was, for I knew that my wife and children had got in safety as far as Elsen, but whether they had got happily to Hildesheim, and if so, how matters stood with them there, I knew not—but,' proceeded the sorceress, 'you may be tranquil on this score, for in eight days you will receive a letter, which will, indeed, contain various things not agreeable to you, but will relieve you of all uneasiness on your family's account.'

"In effect, by the eighth day I received a letter from my wife, which acquainted me that she and the children were well, but of which the remaining contents were by no means of a character to give me pleasure.

"Within the next eight days I should four times successively obtain accounts of the state of things in my native country, and on one occasion should hear very minute particulars respecting my family.

"This was said on the 28th of March. Two days after, the allies entered Paris, an event the most unexpected to all its citizens. About six days after, I went to walk on the Boulevards; a person in the uniform of the Prussian artillery came eagerly up to me, and to my astonishment I recognized Monsieur N., who had lived with us a short time before at Compiègne, had then returned to Hildesheim, and joined the Prussians, and was now come direct from Hildesheim to Paris, consequently had no end of things to tell me about my family, whom he had seen and spoken with. A little after, I met Monsieur Delius, formerly prefect of Gottingen, and, in short, I really, in the course of eight days, had news from Germany just four times.

"She proceeded—'You will not remain long in France, but will return to your own country, where you will at first have to encounter a host of annoyances, some of them trifling, some grave. You will be arrested, but speedily restored to liberty.'

"All this took place here in Heidelberg.

"She now said very distinctly, that before the 23d of November, 1814, I should receive an important decision, but one very unacceptable to me. In effect, on the 21st of that month, I received the letter of the Hanoverian minister, Count Munster, conveying to me the determination of his government on my claim to the estate of Marienrode: the purport of this determina-

tion was, that my claim was rejected, but the appeal, which I spoke of, to the Congress of Vienna, left open to me.

"Your destiny,' she added, 'will, for the next three years, be but precarious and unstable; and you will not find yourself in prosperous circumstances again until 1817.'

"When she had completely finished, I wished to have the whole written down (this costs a napoleon more), as it interested me too much to allow of my trusting the retention of it solely to memory. 'Much,' said I, 'of what you have said to me, respecting my past life, has put me in no small astonishment.'

"Ah!' replied she, drily, '*c'est bien fait pour cela.*'

"She had no objection to write it all down for me, but assured me that she had more to do than could be told, and must, therefore, request of me three things. First, that I would write down for her the three answers above mentioned; secondly, that I would not require her to go into the past and the present at such length as she had done in her verbal communication; and, thirdly, that I would give her three weeks' time, before coming for the paper. 'That will be the easier for you to do,' said she, 'as you will remain two months longer at Paris.' This struck me much, because, in the position I then occupied, and under the political circumstances existing, I could not engage to be at Paris three days.

"Surement,' repeated she, as she observed my perplexed looks; '*vous resterez encore deux mois à Paris.*'

"And in this also she was right! I remained at Paris just two months longer, and no more.

"After three weeks I revisited the house of Mlle. Lenormand, but found her engaged, and heard from the little maid that, with the best will in the world, she had not yet been able to make out time to write what I wished for; but, if I would come again in four days, it should positively be ready.

"I was glad of this delay; the test, I thought, would be all the severer, whether she really read the same things in the cards, this second time, that she did three or four weeks before, or whether she only recalled, by an effort of memory, what she had said to me on a former occasion. I therefore quit the house with pleasure, and returned after four days. Mlle. Lenormand was gone out. The little maid excused this on the score of urgent business, begged me, in her mistress's name, to enter the cabinet, and, opening a drawer, showed me a paper intended for me, but which was not yet quite finished. I read it through, as far as it went, and found that it already contained about two thirds of what the sorceress had said to me orally. Errors there were none, and the little variations from what I had heard near four weeks before from her, were of the most inconsiderable nature.

"In four days more, the little maid assured me, the manuscript should, without fail, be ready. In effect it was so, and corresponded accurately with what she had spoken more than four weeks

before. Yet how many nativities might she not have cast in the interval? How many men's destinies must have thrust mine out of her recollection! I went purposely, from the time of my first visit to her till my departure from Paris, into her neighbourhood several times, and always found one or more carriages standing before her house, which had brought persons desirous of learning their destiny at the lips of Mlle. Lenormand."

We offer no opinion on the above, except that it is "curious." "True" we must presume it, coming, as it does, not from a professional inditer of fugitive romance, but from a grave man, with a character to lose—a man of arithmetic and red tape, and such solid realities of life—whose only flight of imagination, that we can find any trace of, was that very high, but very brief one, of accepting the office of "liquidator of the national debt." Somebody has called chiromancy a "*monstrum nulla virtute redemptum*." It may be so; still these coincidences (to use a word without much meaning) are strange. Malchus was not the only celebrated person of the last generation whose horoscope Lenormand constructed: Talma, Madame de Stael, Mlle. George, and numerous other notabilities of that age, also had occasion to acknowledge that her predictions were not thrown out at random; and it is but a few years since the accomplishment of a prophecy of hers, respecting Horace Vernet, delivered in 1807, when he was a child. This was to the effect that he would, in about thirty years from that time, stand in such high consideration as an artist, that the King would send him to Africa, to paint the storming of a fortress there by the French army; a prediction which was literally fulfilled in 1839. It is also asserted, as something generally known, that she foretold Murat the place and the hour of his death, twenty years before that event. People will tell us, these were all "coincidences;" which means, if it means anything, that the event "coincided" with the prediction. Quite true; the event did coincide with the prediction, and here is just the wonder. If there had been no "coincidence"—that is, if the prophecy had not been fulfilled—there would have been no mystery in the case.

But the certainty with which Lenormand divined the lucky numbers in the lottery, is said to have thrown all her other oracular exploits into the shade. The following anecdotes, illustrative of her gift in this way, are told by Doctor Weisskamp, who had them from Colonel Favier, at Paris:—

"Mlle. L. once declared to the celebrated comic actor, Potier, that one, two, or even three prizes, were assigned by destiny, generally speaking, to every man; but that she could not

tell when and where any particular person's fortunate numbers would be drawn, without inspecting such person's hand. She said, further, that if she could collect about her all the individuals to whom fortune is favorably disposed, all the lotteries of all Europe would not be able to pay the immense winnings they would have to claim. Potier very naturally desired to know what were his own fortunate numbers. Mlle. L. contemplated his left hand, and said, 'Mark the numbers. 9, 11, 37, and 85; stake on these—but not sooner than sixteen years hence—in the imperial lottery at Lyons, and you will obtain a *quatern*.' This was in 1810; in 1826, Potier remembered it; the drawing at Lyons took place in May; he staked on the four numbers the sorceress had named, and chose for himself a fifth, the number of his birth-day, 27; and Paris talks yet of the sensation produced when the five numbers Potier had set his money on were drawn. He won 250,000 francs, a sum which made a rich man of him, and by which he sprang, as it were, into the arms of fortune; his wealth increased from day to day, and when he died (which was in May, 1840), his heirs divided a million and a-half among them.

"Potier's good luck reached the ears of Tribet, another actor, a man to whom nature had been somewhat chary of talent, but to make amends, extremely liberal in the matter of children. He flew to Mlle. Lenormand—she declined to give him any information; he besought her on his knees, but she continued inflexible; he supplicated, he conjured her; she perused his hand, but only shook her head in silence, sighed and left him. Tribet was out of his senses at this silence of the oracle—he followed Lenormand, represented that his happiness was in her hands; that he was poor, helpless, the father of ten children, whom it was not in his power even to educate, and for whose future prospects he was in despair. At last the sibyl looked on him with a grave aspect, and said, 'Do not desire to know your numbers; it is true that they will be drawn in the next *tirage* at Paris, but they will bring you far greater evils than you now have to contend with. Seduced by the first smile of fortune, you will become a passionate gambler; you will neglect your art, renounce, in your elated folly, the profession that insures you bread, abandon your wife and your children, play again, and again play, and not cease playing, until, beggared, maddened, and lost irretrievably, you will only hasten, by suicide, a death already creeping towards you by starvation.'

"Tribet vowed and swore he would be the most regular, the most staid of men, and would suffer no degree of prosperity to intoxicate him; as for play, he bound himself by a solemn oath to avoid it, and to apply his gains in the lottery solely to his family's good. 'Well,' said Lenormand, 'I will tell you the numbers. I will even let you know that one of them denotes the year of your death—it is 28; another is 13, your name-festival, and a third 66, the number of your star. There is still another number, which

is full of good luck for you, but—you once wounded yourself in the left hand on the stage with a pistol, while playing the part of a brigand.'

" 'I did so—it is just twelve years since.'

" 'Well, that number is, since then, no longer to be traced in your hand.'

" 'But I know it,' exclaimed Tribet; 'it is 7. That has been a remarkable number to me all my life. At seven years of age I came to Paris; seven weeks after my arrival here I was received into the Royal Institute to be educated; seven years after I entered the Institute, Nicci noted me there, and, finding that I had an ear for music, took me as a pupil; when I was just three times seven years old, I fell in love, married, and obtained, through Nicci, an appointment, at the Royal Opera, with a salary of seven hundred livres. Finally, it is a man who lives at No. 7 on the Boulevard, that advised me to come to you. Without a doubt seven is my fortunate number.'

" 'Good; choose, then, 7 for your *quatern*; very likely this number also will win.'

" Tribet staggered from her presence like one drunk with joy. But he had not money enough to stake a large sum, and the prophetess had declared, as she did in all cases, that it would not do to stake borrowed money. The poor actor had only twenty francs in the world—he went and staked the whole sum. The day of the *tirage* arrived, and Tribet's four numbers came out of the wheel; not one failed—and the man who but the day before had not a *sous*, found himself the possessor of ninety-six thousand francs! Who can describe his happiness? He ran through the streets without his hat; he embraced friends and enemies; he told every one he met that he was become a capitalist; he was so wild that he took a box at the theatre, 'to see Tribet play;' in short, his head grew giddy, and what Lenormand had prophesied came literally to pass. His good luck had made him crazy; his family, his good wife, his children seemed to him a burden; Paris was too narrow for him; he put up his money, and set off in secret for London. Arrived there, he speedily dissipated the half of his fortune, and then became a constant guest at the hazard table. At first like most tyros in play, he won, but fortune soon turned against him, and loss followed loss, till nothing more was left him to lose. There now remained nothing of his destiny unfulfilled but its dreadful close, and this was not long wanting. In 1828, his body was taken up in the Thames, and it came out on the inquest, that, for the last eight days of his miserable life, he had not tasted even a spoonful of warm soup!

" This event was a terrible shock to Lenormand; she called herself Tribet's murderess, execrated her art, and for more than a year after, steadily refused every request to divine numbers for the lottery.

" In 1830, however, she was induced once more to do so under the following circumstances. A man one day hastily entered her cabinet, stated himself to be a printer, Pierre Arthur by name, and entreated her intercession with a

creditor, Monsieur So-and-so, whom he knew to have a great veneration for her, and who was at that moment pursuing him with bailiffs. While he spoke, the creditor himself appeared with his attendants: he had seen his debtor enter Lenormand's house, and followed him on the spot. This man was a money-lender: Arthur had been so unfortunate as to borrow a sum from him four years before, and had, since that time, been paying him the usurious interest of twenty-four per cent.—a drain on his earnings which scarcely left the poor man in a condition to give dry bread to his children. A half-year's interest was now due; he was totally unable to raise the requisite sum, and his merciless creditor, rejecting all his entreaties for an extension of time, was about to consign his children to inevitable starvation, by throwing their only support into prison. Lenormand readily undertook the intercessor's office, and appealed to the usurer's compassion, but it is scarcely necessary to say that the appeal was vain. The sibyl grew warm: the violation of the sacredness of her roof incensed her, and she said some bitter things to the man of money: this incensed him in his turn, and he told her with a malicious grin, that if she had so much pity for the printer, she had but to pay the two thousand francs which he owed; he would then be her debtor, and she could show him as much indulgence as she pleased.

" Instead of replying to this taunt, she took the usurer's left hand, and studied its lines in silence. 'Arthur,' said she, after a few minutes, 'I have found help for you where you least expected it—in the hand of your oppressor. If you yet possess five francs of your own—not borrowed, but honestly earned money—go immediately and stake it on these three numbers, 37, 87, and 88, in the royal lottery. The *tirage* is to-day: to-morrow you are the possessor of 24,000 francs. You will be able to pay your creditor, and be a rich man still: the hand that has brought you to beggary shall raise you to fortune, or there are no stars in heaven.

" But poor Arthur had not a *sous*, for it was but a few days since the usurer had swept his house by a distress: he had nothing either to pawn or to sell. The creditor coolly directed the bailiffs to remove him; then, finding himself alone with the sorceress, he addressed himself to the task of deprecating her resentment, assumed his blandest aspect, thanked her for the fortunate numbers she had so unexpectedly revealed to him, and avowed his intention to stake ten francs on them without delay. The same sum he counted out on the table of the divineress, as a free-will token of his gratitude. 'I have long wished,' said he, 'to learn from you what are my numbers: thank heaven, that an accident, which I must call providential, has this day led to the accomplishment of my wish.'

" 'Do not suppose,' replied Lenormand, 'that you will escape the consequences of having offended me. Go; stake what sum you will on the numbers: I will take care that you shall win nothing by them.'

"The usurer did not believe, however, that it was in the power even of the redoubtable Pythoness to alter the course of fate; he hurried to the lottery office and recorded his venture.

"Lenormand had often murmured, that while she could point out to others the road to wealth, it was forbidden her to tread it herself. She could tell those who applied to her the numbers by which prizes would be obtained, but was herself obliged to refrain from staking any thing on these numbers, because her doing so was certain to change good fortune into bad. She had read her own destinies as well as those of others, and knew that she was one of the few to whom prizes in the lottery were peremptorily denied. She now rejoiced at this; she resolved to stake the ten francs the miser had given her on *his* numbers, sure that when she made them *her* numbers, they would not be drawn. It happened as she anticipated; the numbers were *not* drawn, the usurer lost his ten francs, and the only drawback on the sibyl's gratification was, that his disappointment did not open the doors of the prison to poor Arthur."

Colonel Favier, we ought to mention, does not guarantee the truth of these stories, but merely gives them as having been current at Paris in 1831, and on the alleged authority of the witch herself. They, therefore, do not stand on the same footing, as to credit, with the communications of Malchus and the Countess N. N. One thing, however, the colonel states as matter of notoriety, that Lenormand, eight days before the death of Louis the Eighteenth, gave the following as the five numbers destined to come out of the wheel at the next drawing, viz., the number of the king's age, 68; the number of years he had reigned (reckoning from the death of his nephew), 36; the year of the entry of the allies into Paris, 14; the day the king had ascended the throne, 26; and the number affixed to his name in the list of the sovereigns of France, 18. All the numbers were drawn, and the lottery-undertakers of the French metropolis will long remember the day of reckoning that followed.

We now take our leave of Mademoiselle Lenormand, to whom, witch or no witch, some admiration will always remain due, for having contrived to be believed in by a generation that neither believed in God and his angels, nor in the devil and his imps. As to her art, we leave the reader to draw his own conclusions about it, whether mere chance, or some undiscovered properties of numbers, or a real understanding with the invisible world, have most to do with its results. If he decide for the first, we recommend to his consideration the following utterances of the inspired Novalis:—

"The fortuitous is not unfathomable; it, too, has a regularity of its own."

And again:—

"He that has a right sense for the fortuitous has the power to use all that is fortuitous for the determining of an unknown fortuitous: he can seek destiny with the same success in the position of the stars, as in sand-grains, in the flight of birds, and in figures."

With respect to the other two solutions, we subjoin some remarks of a writer in Kerner's 'Magikon,' who states it as something "not to be denied," that the powers of invisible beings often exercise a strange influence in games of chance, an influence which it would be difficult to resolve into the mere effects of "undiscovered properties of numbers":—

"We should have many proofs (proceeds this writer) that the old demons of the heathen creed still carry on their game, under other masks, in Christendom (especially in southern countries), if we were to collect and comment upon the many instances which occur to every traveller. What diabolical mischief is wrought in connection with the lottery! Even in Germany, how many heads do you find turned by dreams and presentiments in relation to this most ruinous species of gambling, and that not only among the common people, but often among those who have enjoyed the advantages of education! Cross the Alps, and the still fury becomes an open one; and the further you travel southwards, the more universally stark mad do the people appear. Dreams and presentiments go but a small way; the very beggar swims in an element of omens, and suggestions of fortunate numbers, and there is no possible casualty that can befall him, but it betokens an *ambo*, a *terno*, a *quaterno*, and so on. Even the execution of a criminal is explored for oracular meanings; how the blood gushes, how the body falls, how the poor sinner looks, moves, bears himself in the last moment—all is eagerly noted and auguries are deduced from each particular, that infallibly indicate the winning numbers in the next *estrazione*. Here we have the whole trade of the *haruspices* of old: your Roman will not be robbed of his heathenism; he only mixes up with his faith in these oracles an occasional ejaculation directed to some favorite saint, like those prayers for rich *Inglesi*, or other children of the north, which form so large a part in the devotions of the inn-keepers of the eternal city."

We conclude with a short anecdote corroborative of this author's views. In the latter part of the eighteenth century, a Roman Catholic priest, named Maas, of Paderborn, practised a kind of divination by means of numbers, which made some noise at the time. He had learned it from a Jew, whom he had charitably taken into his house in a dying state, and who, as a tribute of gratitude, communicated the mysterious art in question to his benevolent host, before he died. It was a method of obtaining answers, in

any language, to inquiries respecting the future, or on other subjects unknown, by reckonings made according to certain rules: the practice of it was called "consulting the *cabala*." Many remarkable responses are recorded, which Maas obtained in this way, both on private and on public affairs; but the following circumstance is said to have, in the end, induced him to renounce the art. He once put the question to the "*cabala*"—Who was its author? Contrary to what usually happened, no intelligible answer was returned: he repeated his calculations, and the result was a kind of admonition,

not to make any inquiry on this subject; but, on his persisting, and a third time tempting the oracle with this too curious question, the answer was given—"Look behind you." At this our experimenter was seized with a feeling of horror, he laid his face on the table, called his house-keeper, and when he raised his head again, there was nothing unusual to be seen.

We do not know whether Mademoiselle Lenormand is still living. She ought not to be dead, for she told Countess N. N., in 1812, that she was sure of completing her hundred-and-eighth year.—*Dublin University Magazine*.

A WORD TO ALL ANTI-JESUITS.

Though I have been, for some months past, hearing and seeing so much said and printed on the subject of the Jesuits—have at home turned over so large a mass of wretched party-literature bearing upon their delinquencies, and, during a holiday spent in Switzerland and North Italy, so perpetually have encountered the topic as the *pièce de résistance* to be discussed at every honest man's board—I cannot but still fancy that a word or two remain to be said in the matter: for the use of all and sundry who do not confound Prophecy with Persecution; or who do not like to see effort and energy (including, of course, much good hatred, lay and priestly,) utterly wasted.

Let me first dispose of the cry of "*A Jesuit in disguise!*" which many sincere and angry souls are apt to raise against those who think that Truth precludes Passion, and Toleration, Violence. So far as asseveration has any power or worth—I can solemnly assert that to no man living are the principles of the followers of Loyola more abhorrent than to myself. I disbelieve in blind obedience—in the "right Divine,"—in all those disciplinal measures of secrecy and expediency, which sanction false means for faithful ends—in every limit which conscientious Timidity or self-interested Tyranny shall put to human inquiry. Though reluctantly lending an ear to such tales as the Martyrologies furnish, (for alas! what province of religious opinion has not yielded up victims to swell their ghastly pages?) I own, with aversion and distress, that, in the case of the Jesuits, History records too many bad practices resulting from bad principles, to leave the observer in any doubt, as to the manner of fruit which such a seed produces. And it is, precisely, in proportion to my deep conviction of the mischief, and the evil—that I am earnest in throwing out a few hints and

hacknied old truths, for the consideration of those who are disposed to give up tongue or pen, to do battle therewith.

Too little stress, methinks, has been laid on the fact, that, as yet, the Jesuits are as far from being uprooted in Europe, as ever. They are universally admitted, I am told, to have fallen back in those branches of science and learning, which gave them, in former reigns, their supremacy; and *thus*, have become less subtle as combatants, less redoubtable as antagonists: but, they are to be found in their places:—a constancy of its kind as surprising as the evening apparition of the gipsies to Wordsworth.

"Twelve hours, twelve bounteous hours are gone,
while I

Have been a traveller under open sky,
Much witnessing of change and cheer,
Yet as I left I find them here!"

Think of the measures of cautery and eradication used so fiercely in the matter. What has the united ridicule or reason of all the Philosophers, who at the close of the last century, did battle against all despotisms, spiritual and social, effected against *them*? Next to nothing. Even now, when the figures of a Rodin and a Madame Saint Dizier, painted, black as coals (as I heard a fervent novelist phrase it) are sufficient to give an enormous circulation to one of the trashy novels of a Sue; and to enhance his reputation as a philanthropist, Heaven save the mark!—even now, when the detested name of "Jesuit" upon the title-page, sells, at one stroke, fourteen thousand copies of the newest counter-blast, undertaken by Indignant Sincerity;—even now, when Progress holds St. Peter's keys, and the Powers of Europe are looking this or that way—some as much puzzled, some as much put out by the inconvenient doings of the new Pope, as they might be were Metternich to proclaim

Austria a Republic;—even now, when the identical Trollopes who were so enthusiastic in defending the good old stable order of things, are ranging themselves on the side of young Italy, with the Rossinis who sing "*Viva Pio Nono!*" and the noblemen who stream along the streets of Florence—to use a bystander's forcible phrase "as it were from the heart of a river!"—are the Jesuits feeble or discouraged? Are they fewer in number than they were fifty years ago? They are arming peasants in one place; in another, drawing together within mansions given to them by credulous women—here (we are told), bribing; there, cajoling—preparing for opposition and attack with a confidence which augurs no present weakness nor future downfall:—and, except with such sanguine, and, perhaps, foolish persons, as have faith in the power of Good to conquer Evil—their attitude is sufficiently disturbing, not to say, menacing. Does any one compare what is the present posture of The Order, before the eyes and in the opinion of the English public, with what it was, when the Bill for Catholic Emancipation was passed? Whatever the last remarkable hundred years have done, little has been effected towards the banishment past return, of the most mischievous body of citizens who ever entered, like the Egyptian plague, into our palaces, our kneading-troughs, and our private chambers.

Now, from this perpetual reappearance of an obnoxious Power, an inference may be drawn which has been hardly sufficiently insisted upon. The nuisance is cunningly devised as regards the Priest and his ascendancy; but why? *Because* it meets certain popular wants. Otherwise, with such enormous efforts made to throw it off, it *must*, ere this, have been destroyed past hope of resurrection. Think of the large classes of man—the larger squadrons of woman-kind, who not only play with the idea of Authority, from some dim desire of one day themselves getting a share thereof; but because they absolutely love it for its own sake—people to whom, by Idleness or Feebleness, Doubt is made intolerable: and inquiry a labor they are too glad to shift off upon any one else. There is a stage in the temporal and spiritual life of many human beings, at which Choice and Free-will are so encumbered by difficulty, uncertainty, and responsibility, that it would be a precious relief to have fluctuating opinions settled: and undetermined courses of action decided. Who has not experienced moments of lassitude, despair, misgiving; when not only the self-respect of our own independence would be thankfully surrendered, but we are ready totally to forget what is of little less consequence—the independence of

those who are stronger?—would weakly throw ourselves into their arms; and call upon them for some charm, some anodyne, some bandage, and some crutch,—such as are within no man's power to administer. Few imaginative persons, at least, who deal fairly with themselves, will be unable to recall some such crises. And if this be admitted by the stronger natures, the more exquisite intelligences, cannot they understand—ought they not to allow for, the cravings, engendered by fatigue or vicissitude in the less-instructed and less vigorous? Is every zealous Protestant, who cries the most indignantly loud, against self-effacement and spiritual despotism, clear of a blind reliance on his own Father Confessor? When he talks of the Jesuit-ridden Papist being forbidden to use his conscience, can he honestly say, that he himself has never thrown the responsibility of a doubtful case upon his elected guide and counsellor? Have there been no such phenomena in our Church of England society, as marriages broken off—as dissentients anathematized as Free-Thinkers—as theological counsels called in to decide the manner and form of the Child's education—or the direction of the young Man's career? no proselytisms indirectly attempted by the pressure of eleemosynary beneficence? What if we were to say, that there is a touch of Jesuitism in every dominant party; that its spirit may be traced sharpening the delicate sneer of the Intellectual and Philosophical, and adding force to the fist let fall on the cushion, by the Boanerges of the Tabernacle in Zion Row?

If such be the case, it may be asked, whether the mode of warfare, employed century after century, has been the wisest or most efficient imaginable device for ridding the world of a plague endowed with so much vitality? If we are living, as many good and philosophical persons hope, in a time when appeals to force become more and more difficult and inadvisable year by year, should not the spirit of the epoch show itself in our controversies? Is there no duty in the conduct of measures for enfranchisement—save such as is comprehended in the words—immediate success? Apart from prudential considerations, which involve the dread of mixing up harm with help, canker with health, retrogression with progression; are the Apostles of Free Opinion as entirely at liberty to choose their means of asserting the same, as in the days of the bow and the spear—or of plots, conspiracies, and more violent measures? Are those to be regarded as high-flown dreamers, who declare that righteous struggles for Tolerance, include a fair consideration for the Intolerant?—Who, conceiving vengeance, day by day, less and less admissible among the

World's list of motives and judicial practices, more and more distrust all Party-rages — all class-cries — not merely as insufficient and prejudicial to the cause to be advanced; but as intrinsically wrong; and as such, to be discouraged? These are questions which every honorable man will do well to ask of himself from time to time. Some will dispose of them, no doubt (each on his own elect occasion) by saying that "circumstances alter cases" — but the frame of mind, into which the inquirer is brought by such examination made at a moment when he has no personal interests at stake, is not the worst, in which, when need is urgent, he will betake himself to noble deeds, and life-long services. It provides occupation for patience, no less than for energy: it assures the possession — not the immediate conquest — of every inch of ground won. It disarms rancor in the combatant's self; it *may* disarm it in his antagonists. There is no quietism in avoiding the excitements of martyrdom: for great are the difficulties — stringent is the duty — and small will be the personal reward and consideration of those whom earnestness makes grave, calm, charitable; and whose actions are promoted by the absence not of fervor, but of frenzy.

Taking up these views it may, then, be plainly inquired, whether the attempts to displace Jesuitism have not partaken too largely of a class-warfare; of a contest with persons, more than with principles? The result, at least, would lead one to suspect something of the kind. In much of what has been written and published on the occasion, there seems more "*against* the Jesuits," than "*for* the People," who are to be delivered from such mischievous thralldom. It is so easy — it sounds so well — to be eager in invective: it is so hard — so obscure a service — to devote one's life to the ruling of public opinion, by alteratives! To destroy is so showy — to fertilize, so slow a process. But, many will plead, "We must destroy ere we can fertilize?" What, if the answer of History, in this particular case, should be, "You *cannot* destroy, save by fertilizing! You have torn up the plants, again and again, it is true; but you have left the poison-seed in the soil; in place of medically leavening and enriching the latter, inch by inch, handful by handful — so that the germs of Evil lose their nourishment and their vitality." How much of permanent liberty has the World gained by religious Wars? Or, if the way of Truth *was*, in darker and ruder times, to be opened by the convulsions of the earthquake; do you count the wreck and ruin which would be wrought, were every tiller of the ground now successfully to invoke such a terrible and pernicious assistant? The same

shock may overthrow the temples of the True, as well as the False, Divinities.

But again, I shall be told, that it may be easy for *some* to sit still and generalize; but that the generous spirits of Earth cannot be content with such cold-blooded abstractions. They must be up — the cry is — and doing; and what is there for them to do, save to paint black black, and white white; and when Mischief stands in the way, to have it down to the ground? The rest, they say, will come after. This, it is true, is one mode of operation; but we may be forgiven if we hold it to be as obsolete a manner of civilizing, as the old scheme of fortification — as the Anathema from the orthodox pulpit — as the riotous proceedings of the now peaceful Quakers, who thought it once upon a time their duty to go on the first day of the week to the "steeple-house," to disturb the worship of one set of fellow Christians by way of proving their own to be more spiritual and charitable! Are the influences of Education nothing? — such Education as is at once more intimate and perpetual than any administered in school or college; not book-learning — not newspaper polemics — but the teaching, which may go on, in every hour of the twenty-four, by the fireside — in the field; and which demands (let those who are anxious to sacrifice themselves recollect) *merely* the entire devotion of heart, mind, and thought, to the one virtuous purpose — *merely* the exhibition of example, besides the inculcation of precept! Let half a dozen strong men and faithful women be found in the most Jesuit-ridden community, who entertain such views — and who will attempt this seemingly ignoble task of meeting influence by counter-influence — of so arranging their lives and intercourse with those dependent upon them, that the presence of a larger spirit shall be evidenced and felt, than such as finds its outbreak in defiance or exposure, or vituperation. They will have work enough, I believe; and suffering enough — but, I *do* believe, yet more devoutly, that their reward will be *sure* — their gain all in good money: and not that fiery gold which the morrow's wand of malevolent Enchanter shall transmute into slate stones. When I see the irate Swiss practising at targets, — driving in stakes here and beams there, against the day of wrath, which is to break out — when I see the young Italians weary of waiting, till the burden of Austria (like the Albatross of the Ancient Mariner) shall, of its own corruption, rot, and of its own weakness drop from about their necks, — when I hear them recall days of the not-forgotten revolution, by way of heartening themselves up to new achievements, new sacrifices, I cannot help saying, "Have you no wives — no children — no servants — no

work-people? Cannot you, Men of the Cantons, do somewhat to discountenance that rapacity for money, which is merely another expression of the love of domination, you are so resolute to get quit of? Have you, Italians, no work to complete, in breaking down the old-world jealousy of principality against principality, which Despotism has turned to so precious an account, in encouraging national good faith and self-respect; two sinews of courage, stronger than any hatred of this code of Casuistry, or aversion of the other Round Hat in the Conclave? There may be no leadership to be got out of such services — no public dinners at which A and B and C are compared, while the wine goes round, to the champions of the Field of Grütli — no persecutions — no “snug lying” in Santa Croce — no apotheosis. The Patriot may have to endure the reproaches which the enthusiastic ever bestow on those whom they call hard and lukewarm: — to abide, what is worse — persecutions from those near and dear to him: who cannot bear that men should speak of him as a sluggard, taking no part in his Country’s Cause! He may sit under the nicknames of “degenerate,” “misbegotten,” — as one of “the herd of willing slaves,” or “people bribed to silence.” But he may be all this while “planting the slow olive for the race unborn” — giving a blessing to his soil, none the less helpfully, because he is doing it steadily, gently, perseveringly: — without spasm, without reference to immediate consequences, without acrimony, without a perpetually irritating retrospect of blood shed in vain, and injustice suffered wrongfully. It may be too much to expect that the World shall go on without recoil or check, or the devastation of sudden storms; — but it is not too much, in an age of Peace, to recognize Peace as the only atmosphere in which great changes can be efficiently wrought — great changes healthfully made. It is not too much to meet the unscrupulous, by an honorable antagonism, which shall show them, that the conscientious are stronger than they, because they will not bend *means*, even to the end of their enemies’ discomfiture. Think you that the World is blind to such spectacles? deaf to such appeals? — that they do not speak louder, at the time being, in its ear, than drum or trumpet? What England has done, and is doing; what France leaves undone, and *cannot* do, are our warrants, that principle is better than passion — that Progress means a toleration which precludes class-violence — that public Morals imply a rigid truth, whatever be the cost — that public Honor may demand the sacrifices of an impatient and vindictive spirit, however hard that be to flesh and blood. There may be better ways then, for the extirpation of

Jesuitism than edicts, expulsions, Black Books, or Blue Pamphlets; than haunting Kings’ ante-chambers for permission to print here, or to prophecy there — to have the monopoly of this Prince’s education, or the occupation of the other public lands and moneys. Every man can exhibit to two or three, Intelligence, Benevolence, Order, and Purity; — assisting thereby to make a magic circle, which shall glow and spread, and embrace one living soul after another, while The Tempter looks wistfully on, gradually elbowed out of his old domains, till at last there is not a spot of barren rock left to him, to be printed by his cloven foot!

MILAN, Sept. 1847.

H. F. C.

— Douglas Jerrold’s Magazine.

“O that I had the wings of a dove, that I might flee away and be at rest.”

So prayed the Psalmist to be free
From mortal bonds and earthly thrall;
And such, or soon or late shall be
Full oft the heart-breathed prayer of all;
And we, when life’s last sands we rove,
With faltering foot and aching breast,
Shall sigh for wings that waft the dove,
To flee away and be at rest.

While hearts are young and hopes are high,
A fairy scene doth life appear;
Its sights are beauty to the eye,
Its sounds are music to the ear;
But soon it glides from youth to age;
And of its joys no more possessed,
We, like the captives of the cage,
Would flee away and be at rest.

Is ours fair woman’s angel smile,
All bright and beautiful as day?
So of her cheek and eye the while,
Time steals the rose and dims the ray:
She wanders to the spirit’s land,
And we with speechless grief opprest,
As o’er the faded form we stand,
Would gladly share her place of rest.

Beyond the hills — beyond the sea —
Oh! for the pinions of a dove;
Oh! for the morning’s wings to flee
Away and be with them we love:
When all is fled that’s bright and fair,
And life is but a wintry waste,
This, this, at last must be our prayer,
To flee away and be at rest.

Sir John Malcolm.*

* Author of the History of Persia, and interesting ‘Sketches’ of the same country.

THIRTY-FIVE UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

COMMUNICATED BY THOMAS CARLYLE.

On the first publication of *Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches*, new contributions of Cromwell matter, of some value, of no value, and even of less than none, were, as the general reader knows, diligently forwarded to me from all quarters; and turned to account, in the Second Edition of that work, as the laws of the case seemed to allow. The process, which seemed then to all practical intents completed, and is in fact very languid and intermittent ever since, has nevertheless not yet entirely ceased; and indeed one knows not when, if ever, it will entirely cease; for at longer and longer intervals new documents and notices still arrive; though, except in the single instance now before us, I may describe these latter as of the last degree of insignificance; hardly even worth "inserting in an Appendix," which was my bargain in respect of them. Whence it does, at last, seem reasonable to infer that our English Archives are now pretty well exhausted, in this particular; and that nothing more, of importance, concerning Oliver Cromwell's utterances of himself in this world, will be gathered henceforth. — Here, however, is a kind of exception: in regard to which, on more accounts than one, it has become necessary for me to adopt an exceptional course; and if not to edit, in the sense of elucidating, the contribution sent me, at least to print it straightway, before accident befall it or me.

The following Letters, which require to be printed at once, with my explicit testimony to their authenticity, have come into my hands under singular circumstances and conditions. I am not allowed to say that the Originals are, or were, in the possession of Mr. So-and-so, as is usual in like cases; this, which would satisfy the reader's strict claims in the matter, I have had to engage expressly not to do. "Why not?" all readers will ask, with astonishment, or perhaps with other feelings still more superfluous for our present object. The story is somewhat of an absurd one, what may be called a farce-tragedy; very ludicrous as well as very lamentable; — not glorious to relate; nor altogether easy, under the conditions prescribed! But these Thirty-five Letters are Oliver Cromwell's; and demand, of me especially, both that they be piously preserved, and that there be no ambiguity, no avoidable mystery or other foolery, in presenting of them to the world. If the Letters are not to have, in any essential or unessential respect, the character of voluntary enigmas; but

to be read, with undisturbed attention, in such poor twilight of intelligibility as belongs to them, some explanation, such as can be given, seems needful.

Let me hasten to say, then, explicitly, once more, that these Letters are of indubitable authenticity: further, that the Originals, all or nearly all in Autograph, which existed in June last, in the possession of a private Gentleman whose name I am on no account to mention, have now irrecoverably perished; — and, in brief, that the history of them, so far as it can be related under these conditions, is as follows:

Some eight or ten months ago, there reached me, as many had already done on the like subject, a letter from an unknown Correspondent in the distance; setting forth, in simple, rugged, and trustworthy, though rather peculiar dialect, that he, my Unknown Correspondent, — who seemed to have been a little astonished to find that Oliver Cromwell was actually not a miscreant, hypocrite, &c., as heretofore represented, — had in his hands a stock of strange old Papers relating to Oliver: much consumed by damp, and other injury of time; in particular, much "eaten into by a vermin" (as my Correspondent phrased it), — some moth, or body of moths, who had boarded there in past years. The Papers, he said, describing them rather vaguely, contained some things of Cromwell's own, but appeared to have been mostly written by one SAMUEL SQUIRE, a subaltern in the famed Regiment of Ironsides, who belonged to "the Stilton Troop," and had served with Oliver "from the first mount" of that indomitable Corps, as Cornet, and then as "Auditor," — of which latter office my Correspondent could not, nor could I when questioned, quite specify the meaning, but guessed that it might be something like that of Adjutant in modern regiments. This Auditor Squire had kept some "Journal," or Diary of proceedings, from "the first mount" or earlier, from about 1642 till the latter end of 1645, as I could dimly gather; but again it was spoken of as "Journals," as "Old Papers," "Manuscripts," in the plural number, and one knew not definitely what to expect: moth-eaten, dusty, dreary old brown Papers; bewildered and bewildering; dreadfully difficult to decipher, as appeared, and indeed almost a pain to the eye, — and too probably to the mind. Poring in which, nevertheless, my Unknown Correspondent professed to

have discovered various things. Strange unknown aspects of affairs, moving accidents, adventures, such as the fortune of war in the obscure Eastern Association (of Lincoln, Norfolk &c.), in the early obscure part of Oliver's career, hitherto entirely vacant and dark in all Histories, had disclosed themselves to my Unknown Correspondent, painfully spelling in the rear of that destructive vermin: onslaughts, seizures, surprises; endless activity, audacity, rapidity on the part of Oliver; strict general integrity too, nay rhadamanthine justice, and traits of implacable severity connected therewith, which had rather shocked the otherwise strong but *modern* nerves of my Unknown Correspondent. Interspersed, as I could dimly gather, were certain *Letters*, from Oliver and others (known or hitherto unknown, was not said); kept, presumably, by Auditor Squire, the Ironside Subaltern, as narrative documents, or out of private fondness. As proof what curious and to me interesting matter lay in those old Papers, Journals or Journal, as my Unknown Correspondent indiscriminately named them, he gave me the following small Excerpt; illuminating completely a point on which I had otherwise sought light in vain. See, in *Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches*, Letter 5th July, 1644: which gives account of Marston-Moor Battle, and contains an allusion to Oliver's own late loss, "Sir, you know my own trials this way," — touching allusion, as it now proves; dark hitherto for all readers: — Meeting Colonel Cromwell again after some absence, just on the edge of Marston Battle (it is Auditor Squire that writes), "I thought he looked sad and wearied; for he had had a sad loss; young Oliver got killed to death not long before, I heard: it was near Knaresborough, and 30 more got killed." —

Interesting Papers beyond doubt, my Unknown Correspondent thought. On one most essential point, however, he professed himself at a painful pause: How far, or whether at all, these Papers ought to be communicated to the Public, or even to myself? Part of my Correspondent's old kindred had been Roundheads, part had been Royalists; of both which sorts plentiful representatives yet remained, at present all united in kindly oblivion of those old sorrows and animosities; but capable yet, as my Correspondent feared, of blazing up into one knew not what fierce contradictions, should the question be renewed. That was his persuasion, that was his amiable fear. I could perceive, indeed, that my Correspondent, evidently a simple and honorable man, felt obscurely as if, in his own new conviction about Oliver's character, he possessed a dangerous secret, which ought in no wise to be lightly divulged. Should

he once inconsiderately blab it, this heterodox almost criminal secret, like a fire-spark among tinder and dry flax; — how much more if, by publishing those private Papers, confirmatory of the same, he deliberately shot it forth as mere flame! Explosion without limit, in the family and still wider circles, might ensue. — On the whole, he would consider of it; was heartily disposed to do for me, and for the interests of truth (with what peril soever) all in his power; — hoped, for the rest, to be in London soon, where, it appeared, the Papers were then lying in some repository of his; would there see me, and do as good will guided by wise caution might direct.

To all which I could only answer with thanks for the small valuable hint concerning young Oliver's death; with a desire to know more about those Old Papers; with astonishment at my Correspondent's apprehension as to publishing them, which I professed was inconceivable, and likely to fly away as a night-dream if he spoke of it in intelligent circles; — and finally with an eager wish for new light of any authentic kind on Oliver Cromwell and his acts or sayings, and an engagement that whatever of that sort my Correspondent did please to favor me with, should be thankfully turned to use, under such conditions as he might see good to prescribe. And here, after a second or perhaps even a third letter and answer (for several of these missives, judged at first to be without importance, are now lost), which produced no new information to me, nor any change in my Correspondent's resolutions, the matter had to rest. To an intelligent Friend, partly acquainted in my Correspondent's country, I transmitted his letters; with request that he would visit this remarkable possessor of old *Manuscripts*; ascertain for me, more precisely, what he was, and what they were; and, if possible, persuade him that it would be safe, for himself and for the universe, to let me have some brief perusal of them! This Friend unfortunately did not visit those my Correspondent's localities at the time intended: so, hearing nothing more of the affair, I had to wait patiently its ulterior developments; the arrival, namely, of my Correspondent in Town, and the opening of his mysterious repositories there. Not without surmises that perhaps, after all, there might be little, or even nothing of available, in them; for me nothing, but new dreary labor, ending in new disappointment and disgust; tragic experience being already long and frequent, of astonishingly curious old Papers on Oliver, vouchsafed me, with an effort and from favor, by ardent patriotic correspondents, — which, after painful examination, proved only to be astonishing old bundles of inanity, dusty

desolation, and extinct stupidity, worthy of oblivion and combustion: surmises tending naturally to moderate very much my eagerness, and render patience easy.

So had some months passed, and the affair been pretty well forgotten, when, one afternoon in June last, a heavy Packet came by Post; recognizable even on the exterior as my Unknown Correspondent's: and hereby, sooner than anticipation, and little as I could at first discern it, had the catastrophe arrived. For within there lay only, in the meanwhile, copied accurately in my Correspondent's hand, those Five-and-thirty Letters of Oliver Cromwell which the Public are now to read: this, with here and there some diligent though rather indistinct annotation by my Correspondent, where needful; and, on a Note from himself, some vague hint of his having been in Town that very day, and even on the point of calling on me, had not haste and the rigor of railways hindered; hints too about the old dangers from Royalist kindred being now happily surmounted,—formed the contents of my heavy Packet.

The reading of these old Cromwell Letters, by far the most curious that had ever come to me from such a source, produced an immediate earnest, almost passionate request to have sight of that old "Journal by Samuel Squire," under any terms, on any guarantee I could offer. Why should my respectable obliging Correspondent still hesitate? These Letters, I assured him, if he but sold the Originals as Autographs, were worth hundreds of pounds; the old *Journal of an Ironside*, since such it really seemed to be, for he had named it definitely in the singular, not "Journals" and "Papers" as heretofore,—I prized as probably the most curious document in the Archives of England, a piece not to be estimated in tens of thousands. It had become possible, it seemed probable and almost certain, that by diligent study of those old Papers, by examination of them as with microscopes, in all varieties of lights, the veritable figure of Cromwell's Ironsides might be called into day, to be seen by men once more, face to face, in the lineaments of every life! A journey in chase of this unknown Correspondent and his hidden Papers; any journey, or effort, seemed easy for such a prize.

Alas, alas, by return of post, there arrived a Letter beginning with these words: "What you ask is impossible, if you offered me the Bank of England for security: the Journal is ashes,"—all was ashes! My wonderful Unknown Correspondent had at last, it would appear, having screwed his courage to the sticking place, rushed up to Town by rail; proceeded straight to his hidden repositories here; sat down, with closed

lips, with concentered faculty, and copied me exactly the Cromwell Letters, all words of Cromwell's own (these he had generously considered *mine* by a kind of right);—which once done he, still with closed lips, with sacrificial eyes, and terrible hand and mood, had gathered all his old Puritan Papers great and small, Ironside "Journal," Cromwell Autographs, and whatever else there might be, and sternly consumed them with fire. Let Royalist quarrels, in the family or wider circles, arise now if they could;—"much evil," said he mildly to me, "hereby lies buried." The element of "resolution," one may well add, "is strong in our family;" unchangeable by men, scarcely by the very gods!—And so all *was* ashes; and a strange speaking Apparition of the Past, and of a Past more precious than any other is or can be, had sunk again into the dead depths of Night. Irrecoverable; all the royal exchequer could not buy it back! That, once for all, was the fact; of which I, and mankind in general, might now make whatsoever we pleased.

With my Unknown Correspondent I have not yet personally met; nor can I yet sufficiently explain to myself this strange procedure of his, which naturally excites curiosity, amid one's other graver feelings. The Friend above alluded to, who has now paid that visit, alas too late, describes him to me as a Gentleman of honorable, frank aspect and manners; still in his best years, and of robust manful qualities;—by no means, in any way, the feeble, chimerical or distracted Entity, dug up from the Seventeenth Century, and set to live in this Nineteenth, which some of my readers might fancy him. Well acquainted with that old *Journal*, "which went to 200 folio pages;" and which he had carefully, though not with much other knowledge, read and again read. It is suggested to me, as some abatement of wonder: "He has lived, he and his, for 300 years, under the shadow of a Cathedral City; you know not what kind of Sleepy Hollow that is, and how Oliver Cromwell is related to it, in the minds of all men and nightbirds who inhabit there! This Gentleman had felt that, one way or other, you would inevitably in the end get this MS. from him, and make it public; which, what could it amount to but a new Guy-Faux Cellar, and infernal Machine, to explode his Cathedral City and all its coteries, and almost dissolve Nature for the time being? Hence he resolved to burn his Papers, and avoid catastrophes."

But what chiefly, or indeed exclusively, concerns us here, is that, from the first, and by all subsequent evidence, I have seen this Gentleman to be a person of perfect veracity, and even of scrupulous exactitude in details; so that not

only can his Copies of the Cromwell Letters be taken as correct, or the correctest he could give, but any remark or statement of his concerning them is also to be entirely relied on. Let me add, for my own sake and his, that, with all my regrets and condemnations, I cannot but dimly construe him as a man of much real worth; and even (though strangely *inarticulate*, and sunk in strange environments), of a certain honest intelligence, energy, generosity; which ought not to escape recognition, while passing sentence; — least of all by one who is forced unwillingly to relate these things, and whom, as is clear, he has taken great pains, and made a strong effort over himself, to oblige even so far. — And this is what I had to say by way of Introduction to these new Letters of Oliver Cromwell, which are now all that remains to the world or me from that adventure.

With regard to the letters themselves, they may now be read without farther preface. As will be seen, they relate wholly to the early part of Oliver's career; to that obscure period, hitherto vacant or nearly so in all Histories, while "Colonel Cromwell" still fought and struggled in the Eastern Association, under Lord Grey of Groby, under the Earl of Manchester, or left much to his own shifts; and was not yet distinguished by the public from a hundred other Colonels. They present to us the same old Oliver whom we knew, but in still more distinct lineaments and physiognomy; the features deeply, even coarsely marked, — or, as it were *enlarged* to the gigantic by unexpected nearness. It is Oliver left to himself; stripped bare of all conventional draperies; toiling, wrestling as for life and death, in his obscure element; none looking over him but Heaven only. He "can stand no nonsenses;" he is terribly in earnest; will have his work done, — will have God's Justice done too, and the Everlasting Laws observed, which shall help, not hinder, all manner of work! The Almighty God's commandments, these, of which this work is one, are great and awful to him; all else is rather small, and not awful. He has pity, — pity as of a woman, of a mother, we have known in Oliver; — and rage also as of a wild lion, where need is. He rushes direct to his point: "If resistance is made, pistol him;" "Wear them (these uniforms), or go home;" "Hang him out of hand; he wantonly killed the poor widow's boy: God and man will be well pleased to see *him* punished!" The attentive reader will catch not only curious minute features of the old Civil War, in these rude Letters; but more clearly than elsewhere significant glimpses of Oliver's character and ways: and if any reader's nerves, like my Correspond-

ent's, be too *modern*, — all effeminated in this universal, very dreary, very portentous babble of "abolishing Capital Punishments," &c. &c., and sending Judas Iscariot, Courvoisier, Praslin, Tawell, and *Nature's* own Scoundrels, teachable by no hellebore, "to the schoolmaster," instead of to the hangman, or to the cesspool, or somewhere swiftly out of the way (said "schoolmaster" having not yet overtaken all his *other* hopefuller work, by any manner of means!) perhaps the sight of a great natural Human Soul once more, in whom the stamp of the Divinity is *not* quite abolished by Ages of Cant, and hollow Wiggery of every kind, ending now in an Age of "Abolition Principles," may do such reader some good! I understand one of my Correspondent's more minute reasons for burning the Ironside Journal was, that it showed Cromwell uncommonly impatient of scoundrels, from time to time; and might have shocked some people!

I print these Letters according to their date, so far as the date is given; or as the unwritten date can be ascertained or inferred, — which of course is not always possible; more especially since the accompanying "Journal" was destroyed. With some hesitation I decided to print with modern spelling and punctuation, there being no evidence that the partially ill-spelt Copies furnished me are exact to Oliver's ill-spelling: which at all events is insignificant, the sense having nowhere been at all doubtful. Commentary, except what Auditor Squire and his Transcriber have afforded, I cannot undertake to give; nor perhaps will much be needed. Supplementary words added by myself are marked by single commas, as was the former wont; annotations, if inserted in the body of the Letter, are in *Italics* within brackets, — And now to business, with all brevity.

Nos. I. — VI.

The first Six Letters are of dates prior to the actual breaking out of the Civil War, but while its rapid approach was too evident; and bring to view in strange lugubrious *chiaroscuro*, Committees of "Association for mutual Defence" (or however they phrased it), and zealous Individuals, SAMUEL SQUIRE among others, tremulously sitting in various localities, — tremulous under the shadow of High Treason on the one hand, and of Irish Massacre on the other; — to whom of course the honorable Member's communications, in such a season, were of breathless interest. The King has quitted his Parliament; and is moving northward, towards York as it proved, in a more and more menacing attitude.

No. I.

The address, if there ever was any except a verbal one by the Bearer, is entirely gone, and the date also; but may be supplied by probable conjecture;

'To the Committee of Association at Huntingdon.'

'London, March 1641.'

DEAR FRIENDS,

It is not improbable that the King may go through Huntingdon on his way to Stamford. Pray keep all steady, and let no peace be broken. Beg of all to be silent; or it may mar our peaceable settling this sad business. Such as are on the County Array bid go; all of you protect, at cost of life, the King from harm, or foul usage by word or deed, — as you love the Cause. — From

Yours faithfully,
OLIVER CROMWELL.

The Transcriber, my Unknown Correspondent, adds from the burnt *Journal* this Note: "Journal mentioned a sad riot at Peterborough on the King's going to Stamford, between the Towns-men and the Array." March 1641, as is known, means 1642 according to the modern style: Newyearsday is 25th March.

No. II.

The date exists, though wrong written, from haste; but the address must be supplied:

'To the Committee of Association at Stilton.'

Ely, April 11th day, 1641 [*for 1642; mis-written, Newyears-day being still recent.*]

DEAR FRIENDS,

The Lord has hardened his [*the King's*] heart more and more; 'he has' refused to hear reason, or to care for our Cause or Religion or Peace.

Let our Friends have notice of the sad news. I will be with you at Oundle, if possible, early next week; say Wednesday, as I return now to London this day. Things go on as we all said they would. We are all on the point of now openly declaring ourselves: now may the Lord prosper us in the good Cause!

Commend me in brotherly love to our chosen Friends and vessels of the Lord: I name no one, to all the same. I write myself

Your Friend in the Lord's Cause,
O.

P. S. Be sure and put up with no affronts. Be as a bundle of sticks: let the offence to one be as to all. The Parliament will back us.

No. III.

To Mr. Samuel Squire [subsequently Cornet and Auditor Squire.]

London, 3 May, 1642.

DEAR FRIEND,

I heard from our good Friend W. [*Wildman?*] how zealous in the good Cause you were.

We are all alive here, and sweating hard to beat those Papists: may the Lord send to us His holy aid to overcome them, and the Devils who seek to do evil.

Say to your Friends that we have made up our Demands to the controul of the Navy, and Trainbands of the Counties' Militia, also all Forts and Castles: and, with God's aid, we will have them if he [*the King*] likes or dislikes. For he is more shifty every day. We must do more also, unless he does that which is right in the sight of God and man to his People.

I shall come to Oundle, in my way down, this time; as I learn you live there a great time now. So may you prosper in all your undertakings, and may the Lord God protect and watch over you. Let them all know our mind. — From

Your Friend,
O. C.

No. IV.

To the Committee of Association 'at Cambridge.'

London, 'June, 1642.

GENTLEMEN,

I have sent you, by Hobbes's Wain, those you know of. You must get lead as you may: — the Churches have enough and to spare on them! We shall see the Lord will supply us. Heed well your motions [*learn well your drill-exercise*]: and laugh not at Rose's Dutch tongue; he is a zealous servant; and we may go further and get worse man to our hand than he is.

I learn from R. you get offences from the Bullards (?) at Stamford. Let them heed well what they are about, or they may get a cake more than they bargain for for their penny. V. says that many come ill to the time fixed for muster: pray heed well their loss of time; for I assure you, if once we let time pass by, we shall seek in vain to recover it. The Lord helpeth those who heed His commandments: and those who are not punctual in small matters, of what account are they when it shall please Him to call us forth, if we be not watchful and ready? Pray beat up those sluggards. — I shall be over, if it please God, next Tuesday or Wednesday. I rest, till then,

Your Friend and Wellwisher,
O. C.

My Correspondent, who rather guesses this Letter to have gone to *Huntingdon*, subjoins in reference to it, the following very curious Note gathered from his recollections of the burnt *Journal*: — "Huntingdon regiment of horse. Each armed and horsed himself; except Mr. Ol' Cromwell's Troop of Slepe Dragoons, of some 30 to 40 men, mostly poor men or very small freeholders: these the *Journal* mentioned often; I mean the Slepe Troop of hard-handed fellows, who did as he told them, and asked no questions. The others, despite all that has been said and written, armed themselves and horsed also. I mean the celebrated *Tawnies* or *Iron-*

sides. They wore brown coats, — as did most Farmers, and little country Freeholders; and so do now, as you or me may see any day. — Oliver had some 200 foot also armed by him, who did great service."

No. V.

No date, no address now left. Probably addressed to the Committee at Cambridge, or which ever was the *central* Committee of those Associations; and, to judge by the glorious *ripeness* to which matters have come, dated about the beginning of July. A very curious Letter. We have prospered to miracle; the Eastern Fen regions are all up or rising, and Royalism quite put down there, impossible as that once seemed. Miraculous success; — and greater is yet coming, if we knew it!

'To — — —.'

'London, July, 1642.'

DEAR FRIENDS,

Your Letters gave me great joy at reading your great progress in behalf of our great Cause.

Verily I do think the Lord is with me! I do undertake strange things, yet do I go through with them, to great profit and gladness, and furtherance of the Lord's great work. I do feel myself lifted on by a strange force, I cannot tell why. By night and by day I am urged forward on the great Work. As sure as God appeared to Joseph in a dream, also to Jacob, He also has directed — — [*some words eaten out by moths*] — — Therefore I shall not fear what man can do unto me. I feel He giveth me the light to see the great darkness that surrounds us at noon-day. — to my —ht —ly [*five words gone, by moths*], I have been a stray sheep from the Fold; but I feel I am born again; I have cast off — — [*moths again; nearly three lines lost*] — —

'I have' sent you 300 more Carbines, and 600 Snaphances; also 300 Lances, which when complete I shall send down by the Wain with 16 barrels Powder.

We [*of the Parliament*] declare ourselves now, and raise an Army forthwith: Essex and Bedford are our men. Throw off fear, as I shall be with you. I get a Troop ready to begin; and they will shew the others. Truly I feel I am Siloam of the Lord; my soul is with you in the Cause. I sought the Lord; and found this written in the First Chapter of Zephaniah, the 3d verse: 'See, I will consume &c. [*Here is the rest of the Passage*]: 'Consume' man and beast; I will consume the fowls of heaven, and the fishes of the sea, and the stumblingblocks with the wicked; and I will cut off man from off the land, saith the Lord.'

Surely it is a sign for us. So I read it. For I seek daily, and do nothing without first so seeking the Lord.

I have much to say to you all, when I do see you. Till I so do, the Lord be with you; may

His grace abound in all your houses. Peace be among you, loving Friends: so do I pray daily for your souls' health. I pray also, as I know you also 'do,' for His mercy to soften the heart of the King. — [*moth-ruins to the end; the signature itself half-eaten: indistinctly guessable to have been:*]

I 'shall be at' Godmanchester, 'if it please the Lord, on' Monday.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

No. VI.

No date: presumably, August, 1642, at Ely or somewhere in that region; where Parliament musters or 'surveys' are going on, and brabbles with recusant Royalists are rife, — in one of which the excellent Mr. Sprigg has got a stroke. My Correspondent, the Transcriber, thinks 'house at Peterborough' must mean merely quarters in a house there, the house or home of Squire appearing in a late Letter to be at Oundle.

To Mr. Squire, at his House, Peterborough.

[No date.]

SIR,

I regret much to hear your sad news. I regret much that worthy vessel of the Lord, Sprigg, came to hurt.

I hope the voice of the Lord will soften the Malignant's heart even yet at the eleventh hour: we rejoice at the 'hope' much; — but do keep it quiet, and not to take air.

We had a rare survey about us; and did much good. I expect to see you all at Stilton on Tuesday. To prevent hindrance, bring your swords and + [*hieroglyph for muskets?*]. — From

Your Friend,

O. C.

Nos. VII. — XXIV.

Keinton or Edgehill Battle, the first clear bursting into flame of all these long-smouldering elements, was fought on Sunday, 23 October, 1642. The following Eighteen Letters, dated or approximately dateable all but some two or three, bring us on, in a glimmering fitful manner, along the as yet quite obscure and subterranean course of Colonel Cromwell, to within sight of the Skirmish at Gainsborough, where he dared to beat and even to slay the Hon. Charles Cavendish, and first began to appear in the world.

No. VII.

'To Auditor Squire.'

Wisbeach, This Day, 11 November, 1642.

DEAR FRIEND,

Let the Sadler see to the Horse-gear. I learn, from one, many are ill-served. If a man has not good weapons, horse, and harness, he is

as nought. I pray you order this:—and tell Rainsborough I shall see to that matter 'of his;' but do not wrong the fool.—From

Your Friend,
O. C.

No. VIII.

The following is dated the same day, apparently at a subsequent hour, and to the same person.

'To Auditor Squire.'

November 11th day, 1642.

Take Three Troops, and go to Downham; I care not which they be.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

No. IX.

'Stanground' is in the Peterborough region; 'Alister your Music' means 'Alister your Trumpeter,' of whom there will be other mention. Oliver finds himself at a terrible pinch for money;—there are curious glimpses into that old House by Ely Cathedral, too, and the 'Mother' and the 'Dame' there!—

To Mr. Samuel Squire, at his Quarters at Stanground.

29 November, 1642.

DEAR FRIEND,

I have not at this moment Five Pieces by me; loan I can get none; and without money a man is as nought. Pray now open thy pocket, and lend me 150 Pieces until my rent-day, when I will repay,—or say 100 Pieces until then. Pray send me them by Alister your Music; he is a cautious man.

Tell W. I will not have his men cut folks' grass without compensation. If you pass mine, say to my Dame I have gone into Essex: my house is open to you; make no scruple; do as at your house at Oundle, or I shall be cross.—If you please ride over to Chatteris, and order the quartering of those [*that*] Suffolk Troop,—I hear they have been very bad;—and let no more such doings be. Bid R. horse* any who offend; say it is my order, and shew him this.

Pray do not forget the 100 Pieces; and bid Alister ride haste. I shall be at Biggleswade at 11. Send me the accounts of the week, if possible by the Trumpet; if not, send them on by one of the Troopers. It were well he rode to Bury, and wait [*waited*] my coming.

I hope you have forwarded my Mother the silks you got for me in London; also those else for my Dame. If not, pray do not fail.—From

Your Friend,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

* That is, *wooden-horse* (used as a verb).—"Do military men of these times understand the wooden horse? He is a mere triangular ridge or roof of wood, set on four sticks, with absurd head and tail super-added; and you ride him bare-backed, in face of the world, frequently with muskets tied to your feet,—in a very uneasy manner!"—(*Cromwell's Letters and Speeches*, second edition, ii. 22).

'W.' I suppose means Wildman, 'R.' Rainsborough. My Correspondent annotates here: "The *Journal* often mentioned trouble they" (the officers generally) "got into from the men taking, without leave, hay and corn from Malignants, whom Oliver never allowed to be robbed, — but paid for all justly to friend and foe."

No. X.

To Cornet Squire, at his Quarters, Tansor: These.

Huntingdon, 22 January, 1642.

SIR,

News has come in, and I want you. Tell my Son to ride over his men to me, as I want to see him. Tell White and Wildman also I want them. Be sure you come too: do not delay.

I have ill news of the men under my Son: tell him from me I must not have it. Bring me over those Papers you know of. Desborow has come in with good spoil,—some £3,000 I reckon.

Your Friend

O. [*'C' rotted off.*]

Dated on the morrow after this, is the celebrated Letter to Robert Barnard Esquire, now in the possession of Lord Gosford:—"subtlety may deceive you, integrity never will!"—

No. XI.

Refers to the Lowestoff exploit (*Letters and Speeches*, i. 164); and must bear date 12 March, 1642-3,—apparently from Swaffham, Downham, or some such place on the western side of Norfolk.

For Captain Berry, at his Quarters, Oundle. Haste.

[*Date gone by moths*]—'12 March, 1642.'

DEAR FRIEND,

We have secret and sure hints that a meeting of the Malignants takes place at Lowestoff on Tuesday. Now I want your aid; so come with all speed on getting this, with your Troop; and tell no one your route, but let me see you ere sundown.—From

Your Friend and Commandant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

Auditor Squire had written in his *Journal*, now burnt: "He" (Oliver) "got his first information of this business from the man that sold fish to the Colleges" (at Cambridge), "who being searched, a Letter was found on him to the King, and he getting rough usage told all he knew."

No. XII.

Date and address have vanished; eaten by moths; but can in part be restored. Of the

* *Cromwell's Letters and Speeches*, i. 59.

date, it would appear, there remains dimly "the last figure, which looks like a 5:" that will probably mean 'March 15,' which otherwise one finds to be about the time. The scene is still the Fen-country; much harassed by Malignants, necessitating searches for arms, spy-journeys, and other still stronger measures! 'Montague,' we can dimly gather, is the future Earl of Sandwich; at present "Captain of the St. Neots Troop," a zealous young Gentleman of eighteen; who, some six months hence, gets a commission to raise a regiment of his own; of whom there is other mention by and by.

'To Cornet Squire.'

— 15 March, 1642.'

DEAR FRIEND,

I have no great mind to take Montague's word about that Farm. I learn, behind the oven is the place they hide them [*the arms*]; so watch well, and take what the man leaves;— and hang the fellow out of hand [*out-a-hand*], and I am your warrant. For he shot a Boy at Stilton-bee by the Spinney, the Widow's son, her only support: so God and man must rejoice at his punishment.

I want you to go over to Stamford: they do not well know you; ride through, and learn all; and go round by Spalding, and so home by Wisbee [*Wisbeach*]. See 15, 8, 92; and bring me word. — Wildman is gone by way of Lincoln: you may meet; but do not know him; he will not you.

I would you could get into Lynn; for I hear they are building a nest there we must rifle, I sadly fear. — You will hear of me at Downham: if not, seek me at Ely, my Son will say my Quarters to you. — From

Your Friend,
O. C.

No. XIII.

No date, no address; the Letter itself a ruined fragment "in Oliver's hand." For the rest, see *Letters and Speeches*, i. 169. 'Russell,' I suppose, is Russell of Chippenham, the same whose daughter Henry Cromwell subsequently married.

'To Cornet Squire.'

[No date] 'Huntingdon, (23?) March, 1642.'

SIR,

Send me by Alister a list of the Troop, and the condition of men and horses; also condition of the arms. Ride over to St. Neot's, and see Montague his Troop. And call on your way back at Huntingdon, and see to Russell's (I hear his men are ill provided in boots); and bid them heed a sudden call: I expect a long ride.

I shall want 200 Pieces: bring me them, or else send them by a sure hand. — You mentioned to my Wife of certain velvets you had in London, come over in your Father's ship from Italy: now, as far as Twenty Pieces go, buy th — — [*torn off, signature and all*].

'OLIVER CROMWELL.'

No. XIV.

To Mr. Squire, at his Quarters, Godmanchester.

Cambridge, 26 March, 1642 [*miswritten for 1643; Newyears-day was yesterday.*]

SIR,

Since we came back, I learn no men have got the money I ordered. Let me hear no more of this; but pay as I direct, — as we are about hard work, I think.

Yours to mind,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

The 'hard work' of this Letter, and 'long ride' of last refer to the same matter; which did not take effect after all, much as Colonel Hampden urged it.

No. XV.

"Direction gone; Letter generally much wasted." Refers, seemingly, to those 'Plunderers' or 'Camdeners,' from the Stamford side, concerning whom, about the beginning of this April, there is much talk and terror, and one other Letter by Cromwell already printed (*Letters and Speeches*, i. 170-3). 'Berry' is the future Major-General; once "Clerk in the Ironworks," Richard Baxter's friend; of whom there was already mention in the Lowestoff affair.

'To Cornet Squire.'

Ely, this 30 day [*rest rotted off*]
'March, 1643.'

— — — hope you to bring me that I want in due time, — we shall, if it please God, be at Swaffham; — and hear of me at 11 [*name in cipher*], who will say to you all needful.

Mind and come on in strength, as they are out to mischief, and some — — [*guess at their number, illegible*] — — Troops, but ill armed. Tell Berry to ride in, also Montague; and cut home, as no mercy ought to be shewn those rovers, who are only robbers and not honourable soldiers. — Call at Cosey (?): I learn he has got a case of arms down; fetch them off; also his harness, — it lies in the wall by his bedhead: fetch it off; but move not his old weapons of his Father's, or his family trophies. Be tender of this, as you respect my wishes of one Gentleman to another.

Bring me two pair Boothose, from the Fleming's who lives in London Lane; also a new Cravat: — I shall be much thankful. I rest

Your Friend,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

'London-Lane,' I understand, is in Norwich. Let us hope 'the Fleming' has a good fleecy-hosiery article there, and can furnish one's Cornet; for the weather is still cold!

No. XVI.

Mr. Samuel Squire, at his Quarters, Peterborough, in Bridge-street there: Haste.

St. Neots, 3 April, 1643.

DEAR SIR,

I am required by the Speaker to send up those Prisoners we got in Suffolk [at *Lowe-stoff*, &c.]; pray send me the Date we got them, also their Names in full, and quality. I expect I may have to go up to Town also. I send them up by Whalley's Troop and the Slepe Troop; my Son goes with them. You had best go also, to answer any questions needed.

I shall require a new Pot [*kind of Helmet*]; mine is ill set. Buy me one in Tower-Street; a Fleming sells them; I think his name is Vandeleur; get one *fluted*, and good barrets; and let the plume-case be set on well behind. I would prefer it lined with good shamoy leather to any other.

I have wished them return [*the two Troops to return*] by Suffolk home; so remind them. Do see after the 3 [*undecipherable cipher*]. 81 is playing fox: I hold a letter of his he sent to certain ones, which I got of one who carried it. If you light on him, pray take care of him, and bring him on to me. I cannot let such escape; life and property is lost by such villains. If resistance is given, pistol him. No nonsense can be held with such: he is as dangerous as a mad bull, and must be quieted by some means. This villain got our men into a strife near Fakenham, some three weeks since; and two got shot down, and nine wounded; and the others lost some twenty or thirty on their side; and all for his mischief.

Let me see you as soon as needs will allow. Mind Henry come to no ill in London; I look to you to heed him. — From

Your Friend,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

Squire endorses: "We went up with the Treasure; and got sadly mauled coming back, but beat the ruffians [*ruffians*] at Chipping, but lost near all our baggage."

No. XVII.

These plundering 'Ca'ndishers,' called lately 'Camdeners,' from Noel Viscount Camden, their principal adherent in these Southern parts, are outskirts or appendages of the Marquis of Newcastle's Northern or 'Papist' Army, and have for Commander the Hon. Charles Cavendish, Cousin of the Marquis; whence their name. They are fast flowing Southward at present, in spite of the Fairfaxes, — to the terror of men. Our first distinct notice of them by Oliver; the last will follow by and by.

To Mr. Squire, at his Quarters, Oundle: These.
Post haste, haste.

Stilton, 12 April this day, '1643.'

SIR,

Pray shew this to Berry, and advise [*signify to*] him to ride in, and join me, by four days time; as these Ca'ndishers, I hear, are over, tearing and robbing all, poor and rich. — [*moths*] — Many poor souls slain, and cattle moved off. Stamford is taken, and Lord Noel [*Note*] has put some 300 to garrison it.

Send on word to Biggleswade, to hasten those slow fellows. We are upon no child's-play; and must have all help as we [*they*] may. — At the same time, I will buy your Spanish Headpiece you shewed me; I will give you Five Pieces for it, and my Scots one: at all rates, I will fain have it. So rest

Your Friend,

O. C.

The East Foot [*from Suffolk &c.*] are come in, to some 600 men, I learn. Say so to those Biggleswade dormice.

Squire has jotted on this Letter: "12 April, 1642" (meaning 1643) "as we were upon our Lincoln riding."

No. XVIII.

To Mr. Squire, at his Quarters, Oundle: These. Haste.

Ely, This 13th day April, 1642 [*for 1643*].

SIR,

I got your Letter and the Headpiece [*See Nos. 16, 17*]. I find we want much ere we march. Our Smiths are hard 'on' work at shoes. Press me Four more Smiths as you come on: I must have them, yea or nay; say I will pay them fee, and let go after shoeing, — home, and no hindrances.

I am glad Berry is of our mind; and in so good discipline of his men, — next to good arms, sure victory, under God. — I am

Your Friend,

O. C.

No. XIX.

To Mr. S. Squire, at his Quarters, Oundle: These. Haste.

Ely, this day Monday '—, 1643.'

SIR,

The Pay of the three Troops is come down; therefore come over by Twelve tomorrow, and see to it. I can hear nothing of the man that was sent me out of Suffolk and Essex. I fear he is gone off with the money. If so, our means are straitened beyond my power to redeem; — so must beg of you to lend me 200 Pieces more, to pay them; and I will give you the order on my Farm at Slepe, as security, if Parliament fail payment, which I much doubt of.

I got the money out of Norfolk last Friday: it came, as usual, ill; and lies at my Son's

quarters safely: also the Hertfordshire money also [*sic*], which lies at his quarters also. The money which was got from the man at Boston is all gone: I had to pay 20 *per centum* for the changing it, and then take Orders on certain you know of, which will reduce it down to barely £60 in the 100:—which is hard case on us who strive, thus to lose our hard earnings by men who use only pens, and have no danger of life or limb to go through.

Bring me the Lists of the Foot now lying in Garrison. I fear those men from Suffolk are being tried sorely by money from certain parties, — whom I will hang, if I catch playing their tricks in my quarters; by law of arms I will serve them. Order Isham to keep the Bridge (it is needful), and shoot any one passing who has not a pass. The Service is one that we must not be nice upon, to gain our ends. So shew him my words for it.

Tell Captain Russell my mind on his men's drinking the poor man's ale and not paying. I will not allow any plunder: so pay the man, and stop their pay to make it up. I will cashier officers and men, if such is done in future.

So let me see you by noon-time; as I leave, after dinner, for Cambridge. Sir, I am

Your Friend,
OLIVER CROMWELL.

"Isham," who is to keep the Bridge on this occasion, "left the regiment at the same time as Squire did" (the First War being ended), "and went to sea, as did many others: so said *Journal*." (*Note by the Transcriber.*)

No. XX.

Address torn off, date eaten by moths; the former to be guessed at, the latter not.

'To Mr. Squire.'

'— 1643.'

DEAR FRIEND,

—'I pray you'* send a Hundred Pounds to 81 at Ipswich; also a Hundred Pounds to 92 in Harwich; also Fifty-two Pounds to 151 at Aldborough;—and do not delay an hour. W. [*Wildman?*] is returned: they are all fit to burst at news come in; and, I much fear, will break out. So I am now going over to clip their wings. I shall be back in five days, if all be well.

Henry has borrowed of you Fifty Pieces, I learn. Do not let him have any more; he does not need it; and I hope better of you than go against my mind.—I rest,

Your Friend,
OLIVER CROMWELL.

* Some such phrase, and the half of 'Friend,' have gone by moths.

No. XXI.

To Mr. Squire at his Quarters, Chatteris:
Haste, haste.

Headquarters, Monday daybreak.

SIR,

Wildman has seen one who says you have news. How is this I am not put in possession of it? Surely you are aware of our great need. Send or come to me by dinner.—I am,

Your Friend,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

No. XXII.

To Mr. Squire, at his quarters, Downham.

[No date] '1643.'

DEAR FRIEND,

I learn from Burton (112) that one landed at the Quay from Holland, who was let go, and is now gone on by way of Lynn. I hear he has a peaked beard, of a blue black colour: of some twenty-five years old: I think from my Letters, a Spaniard. See to him. He will needs cross the Wash; stop him, and bring him to me. I shall lie at Bury, if not at Newmarket: so be off quickly.—From

Your Friend,

O. CROMWELL.

Haste,—ride on spur.

Squire has endorsed: "Got the man at Tilney, after a tussle, two troopers hit, and he sore cut, even to loss of life. Got all."

No. XXIII.

Mr. Waters is some lukewarm Committee-man; whose lazy backwardness, not to say worse of it, this Colonel can endure no longer. Squire (by whatever chance the Letter came into Squire's hand) has endorsed as memorandum: "149 [*and other cipher marks*] lives at his house,"—which perhaps may explain the thing!

To Mr. Waters at the Cross Keys: These in all speed.

Lincoln, 25 July, 1643.

SIR,

If no more be done than you and yours have done, it is well you give over such powers as you have to those who will. I say to you now my mind thereto: If I have not that aid which is my due, I say to you I will take it. And so heed me; for I find your words are mere wind: I shall do as I say, if I find no aid come to me by Tuesday.—Sir, I rest, as you will,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

No. XXIV.

Here are the Ca'ndishers again; scouring the world, like hungry wolves; swift, mount, and after them!

*To Captain Montague or Sam Squire: Haste,
haste, on spur.*

Wisbeach, this day — 'July, 1643.'

SIR,

One has just come in to say the Ca'n-dishers have come as far as Thorney, and done a great mischief, and drove off some three score fat beasts.

Pray call in, and follow them; they cannot have got far. Give no quarter; as they shed blood at Bourne, and slew three poor men not in arms. So make haste. — From

Your Friend and Commander,
OLIVER CROMWELL.

Here, too, is a Letter from Henry Cromwell, copied by my Correspondent from Squire's old Papers; which is evidently of contiguous or slightly prior date, and well worth saving:

*'To Captain Berry, at his Quarters, Whittlesea:
These in all haste.*

— 18 July, 1643.

SIR,

'There is great news just come in, by one of our men who has been home on leave. The Candishers are coming on hot. Some say 80 troops, others 50 troops. Be it as it may, we must go on. Vermuyden has sent his Son to say, We had better push on three troops as scouts, as far as Stamford; and hold Peterborough at all costs, as it is the Key of the Fen, which if lost much ill may ensue. Our news says, Candish has sworn to sweep the Fens clear of us. How he handles his broom, we will see when we meet: he may find else than dirt to try his hand on, I think! Last night came in Letters from the Lord General; also money, and ammunition a good store.

'Our men being ready, we shall ride in and join your Troop at dawn. Therefore send out scouts to see. Also good intelligencers on foot had better be seen after; they are best, I find, on all occasions. Hold the Town secure; none go in or out, on pain of law of arms and war. — Sharman is come in from Thrapstone: there was a Troop of the King's men driving, but got cut down to a man, — not far from Kettering, by the Bedford Horse, and no quarter given, I hear.

'Sir, this is all the news I have. My Father desires me to say, Pray be careful! Sir, I rest,

Your humble Servant,
'HENRY CROMWELL.'

On the same sheet follow four lines of abstruse cipher, with a signature which I take to mean 'Oliver Cromwell:' apparently some still more secret message from the Colonel himself.

On Friday, 28 July, 1643, precisely ten days after this Letter, occurred the action at Gainsborough, where poor General Cavendish, 'hand-

ling his broom' to best ability, was killed; and a good account, or good instalment of account to begin with, was given of these Ca'ndishers.*

Nos. XXV. — XXXV.

Our last batch consists of Eleven Letters; all of which, except two only, bear date 1643; and all turn on the old topics. Squire's more intimate relation to Oliver naturally ceased as the sphere of action widened, — as the 'valiant Colonel,' having finished his Eastern-Association business, emerged as a valiant General into Marston Battle, into England at large. After 1643, there is only one Letter to Squire; and that on personal business, and dated 1645.

No. XXV.

*To Mr. Squire at his Quarters, Wisbeach,
at Mr. Thorne's House there: by my son
Henry.*

August 2d day, 1643.

SIR,

My Lord Manchester has not the power to serve me as you would [*as you wish*] for York: but I will see if I can do it for him, to serve you in my Kinsman's [*Whalley's, Desborow's, Walton's?*] troop.

I will give you all you ask for that Black you won last Fight. — I remain,

Yours,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

'Last Fight' is Gainsborough with the Ca'n-dishers; which occurred a week ago, — and has yielded Squire a horse among other things.

No. XXVI.

To Mr. Squire, at his Quarters, the Flag.

Thursday, 3d August, 1643.

SIR,

These are to require you to bring the Statements of the Troopers who were on the road, when they stopped the Wains containing the Arms going from [*word illegible; my Correspondent writes "Skegness"*] to Oxford: that they be paid their dues for the service.

I learn from Jackson that some of the Suffolk Troop requires Passes to return home to Harvest. Now, that is hardly to be given; seeing we are after Lynn Leaguer, and require all aid needful to surround them [*the Lynn Malignants*]: — Say I cannot grant their requesting. Have they not had great manifesting of God's bounty and grace, in so short a time? I am filled with surprise at this fresh requiring of these selfish men. Let them write home, and hire

* Letters and Speeches, i. 182.

others to work. I will grant no fresh Passes: The Lord General is against it; and so am I, fixed in my mind.

Do you ride over to Swaffham, and buy Oats for 2,000 horse: we shall require as many, to come on to Gaywood (?), by order, as needed. Also see to the Hay;—and let your servants see well that no imposition is practised. I must insist on due weight and measure for man and horse; or let the chapmen look to their backs and pouches! I stand no rogue's acts here, if they are tolerated in London. I will have my pennyworth for my penny.

Send on a Trooper to Norwich and Yarmouth for news. Bid them call at 112 and 68, and ask Mr. Parmenter (?) after 32; he is fox, I hear. I fear Burton is double.—I am,

Your friend,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

I sent a Pass to your Kinsman.

No. XXVII.

'To Mr. Squire.'

'17 August, 1643.'

Bid Three Troops go on to Downham, and come by way of Wisbeach. Tell Ireton my mind on his shooting that Spy without learning more. I like it not. His name is Nickols, I hear. It were well no news took air of it.

O. C.

"From Col. Cromwell on his way to Siege of Lynn, August 17, 1643:" so Squire docket; which enables us to date. Farther in regard to 'Ireton's matter,' (the well-known Ireton), there stood in the *Journal*, says my Correspondent: "This man was shot in Thorney Fen: he was a spy and had done great injury. He had 500 Gold Pieces in his coat, and a Pass of Manchester's and one of the King's." To which my Correspondent adds in his own person: "Shooting spies, and hanging newsmongers, was very often done; and to me very horrible was the news I read often in the *Journal* of such doings."

No. XXVIII.

The 'great work on hand' is a ride to Lincolnshire; which issued in Winceby Fight, or Horncastle Fight, on Wednesday next.

To 'Auditor Squire.'

Ely, Thursday, October [moths]
'5th, 1643.'

DEAR SIR,

Hasten with all speed you may, and come on the spur to me at Ely: we have a great work on hand, and shall need us all to undertake it. May the Lord be with us.—Hasten your men. I must see you by tomorrow sunset, as we start next day. From

Yours,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

"Came by the Colonel's Music,"—so Squire endorses.—For Winceby Fight, which followed on Wednesday next, see *Letters and Speeches*, i. 194-7.

No. XXIX.

Home at Ely again; in want of various domestic requisites,—a drop of mild brandy, for one.

To Mr. Squire, at his Quarters, Dereham, or elsewhere: Haste, haste.

Ely, 15 November, 1643.

SIR,

With all speed, on getting this, see Cox; his Quarters are at the Fort on the South End. Tell him to send me two Culverins, also a small Mortar-piece, with match, powder and shot; also a Gunner and his mates, as I need them.

Buy of Mr. Teryer a case of Strong-waters for me;—and tell the Bailiff to order on such Volunteers as we can; we need all we can get. And get a cask of cured Fish for me.—Do not fail sending on, with good speed, the Cannons; we stay for them.

In haste, yours,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

No. XXX.

To Mr. Squire, at his Quarters.

This day, Friday noon,
'—November, 1643.'

SIR,

Your Letter is more in the Lord General's business than mine; but to serve you am well pleased at all times. I have writ to the Captain at Loughborough to mind what he is about: at the same time, if your Kinsmen are Papists, I do not know well how I dare go against the Law of Parliament to serve them. I have, to oblige you, done so far: Take a Pass, and go over and see to this matter, if you are inclined. But I think they, if prudent, will get no further ill.

I shall want the Blue Parcel of Papers you know of: send them by your Music. Sir, I am
Your Friend,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

Squire endorses: "My Cousin would not leave the Nunnery, so left her."—But see next Letter, for a wiser course.

No. XXXI.

To Mr. Squire, at his Quarters Fotheringay.

Peterborough, This day,
2 December, 1643.

DEAR FRIEND,

I think I have heard you say that you had a relation in the Nunnery at Loughborough. Pray, if you love her, remove her speedily; and

I send you a Pass,—as we have orders to demolish it, and I must not dispute orders: [no!]—There is one of the Andrews' in it: take her away. Nay give them heed to go, if they value themselves. I had rather they did. I like no war on women. Pray prevail on all to go, if you can. I shall be with you at Oundle in time. From

Your Friend,
OLIVER CROMWELL.

Squire has written on the other side: "Got my Cousin Mary and Miss Andrews out, and left them at our house at Thrapstone, with my Aunt, same night; and the Troops rode over, and wrecked the Nunnery by order of Parliament."

No. XXXII.

Some Cathedral or other Church duty, come in course; at which young Montague, Captain of the St. Neot's Troop, would fain hesitate! Readers may remember Mr. Hitch of Ely,—about a fortnight after the date here.* 'Monuments of Superstition and Idolatry,' they must go: the Act of Parliament, were these nothing more, is express!

'To Mr. Squire.'

Christmas Eve, '1643.'

SIR,

It is to no use any man's saying he will not do this or that. What is to be done is no choice of mine. Let it be sufficient it is the Parliament's Orders, and we to obey them. I am surprised at Montague to say so. Shew him this: if the men are not of a mind to obey this Order, I will cashier them, the whole Troop. I heed God's House as much as any man: but vanities and trumpery give no honour to God, nor idols serve him; neither do painted windows make them more pious. Let them do as Parliament bid them, or else go home,—and then others will be less careful to do what we had done [might have done] with judgment.

I learn there is 4 Men down with the Sickness, in the St. Neot's Troop now at March. Let me hear: so ride over, and learn all of it.—Sir, I am

Your Friend,
OLIVER CROMWELL.

Squire has endorsed: "They obeyed the Order."

No. XXXIII.

This Letter, in my Copy of it, is confidently dated "Stilton, 31 July, 1643;" but, for two reasons, the date cannot be accepted. First, there is a Letter long since printed, which bears date *Huntingdon*, instead of *Stilton*, with precisely the same day and year,—the Letter concerning Gainsborough Fight, namely.† Second-

* Letters and Speeches, i. 198. † Ibid. i. 182.

ly, in the Letter now before us there is allusion to 'Hornecastle' or Winceby Fight, which had not happened in 'July,' nor till 11 October following. If for *July* we read *Jan*^y, January 1643-4, there is a better chance of being right.

'To Auditor Squire.'

Stilton, 31 'January,' 1643.

DEAR SIR,

Buy those Horses; but do not give more than 18 or 20 Pieces each for them: that is enough for Dragooners.

I will give you 60 Pieces for that Black you won at Hornecastle (if you hold to a mind to sell him), for my Son who has a mind to him.—Dear Sir, I am

Your Friend,
OLIVER CROMWELL.

15 is come in.

No. XXXIV.

Red coats for the first time! My Correspondent gives the following annotation: "I remember, in *Journal*, mention of all the East men" (Association men) "wearing red coats, horse and foot, to distinguish them from the King's men; and it being used after by whole Army. And I think it was after Marston Battle;—but the *Journal* was full of the rowes of the men, and corporal's cabals."

To Mr. Russell, at his Quarters, Bromley by Bowe.

[No date at all] '1644.'

SIR,

I learn your Troop refuse the new Coats. Say this: Wear them, or go home. I stand no nonsense from any one. It is a needful thing we be as one in Colour; much ill having been from diversity of clothes, to slaying 'of friends by friends.' Sir, I pray you heed this.
OLIVER CROMWELL.

No. XXXV.

Cornet or Auditor Squire, it would appear by my Correspondent's recollections of the lost *Journal*, was promoted to be Lieutenant for his conduct in Naseby Fight: "he afterwards got wounded in Wales or Cornwall; place named *Turo*, I think,"—undoubtedly at Truro in Cornwall, in the ensuing Autumn. Here, next Spring, 1645-6, while the Service is like to be lighter, he decides on quitting the Army altogether.

To Lieutenant Squire at his Quarters, Tavistock: These.

3 March, 1645.

SIR,

In reply to the Letter I got this morning,—I am sorry you 'so' resolve; for I had

head into her crypts and cabinets, and it is her just delight to punish severely such impertinent curiosity. Recollect the story of Peeping Tom and the lady Godiva, that admirable illustration of the disastrous consequences of being over penetrative into lady's doings. The Alps are "the palaces of Nature," as your pocket Byron will inform you —

"Above me are the Alps,
The palaces of Nature, whose vast walls
Have pinnaced in clouds their snowy scalps,
And throned eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
The Avalanche, the thunderbolt of snow."

Now, do not you enact the part of "the boy Jones," and constitute yourself inspector and supervisor of queen Nature's domestic doings. What business is it of yours, to creep after her into every Alpine nook and crevice of the glaciers? Let her form her avalanches in private; if you intrude into her chambers, she is very likely to fling one at your head, as a choleric queen might a footstool at the little IN-IT-GO caught under a canopy, or behind a curtain, to get a peep at her majesty "eating bread and honey."

Several accounts are given of the causes of avalanches; some consider them to be masses of snow, detached from the mountain-brows by their own weight; some attribute their fall to the loosening effects of solar heat; others to the concussions of the atmosphere produced by thunder-storms; but the true cause of the phenomenon remains to be stated; it is a result, not of gravity, but of levity; not of solar action, or atmospheric action, but of comic action. We have no hesitation to affirm, that it is nothing but the convulsive mirth to which the Alps are addicted, that brings the avalanches down, by shaking their sides, laden with the snows of centuries. Mountains were always hearty laughers.

"Ipsi lætitia voces ad sidera jactant
Intonsi montes,"

as Virgil says, who knew the family well; and, believe me, they are as fond of a jolly laugh now as ever, although they are now some eighteen hundred years older than they were in the days of the Mantuan bard. Be counselled by me, and be as merry as they are; but "be merry and wise," and while you laugh with the Alps, beware of slipping with the avalanches.

LAKES.

Madame de Stael, unable to imagine even a mountain existing without a looking-glass, considers the Swiss lakes as mirrors, placed by nature at the feet of the Alps, to enable the dowa-

gers to enjoy the reflections of their dear old faces, in their white turbans. Lord Byron compares the Lake of Geneva, not only to a mirror, but to a sofa. In one line it is —

"The mirror where the stars and mountains view
The stillness of their aspect."

In another, he tells us that the Rhone bath there

"Spread himself a couch."

The Rhone, according to Byron's idea, would seem to have an hydropathic partiality to a damp bed; or, it is possible that the poet may have had in his mind's eye the water-beds which are sometimes used by invalids. A juster comparison for the lake in question would have been a bath, or lavatory for the celebrated old river, seeing that plunges into it all begrimed with the soil of his native mountains, and issues from it fresh and bright as a bridegroom, on a May morning, bound for St. George's, Hanover-square.

The general opinion with us is, that the beauty of lakes consists in water; we like them the better for possessing that element in abundance; but the Swiss taste is different, and somewhat Irish; they prefer dry lakes to wet ones; and, in process of time, they will, doubtless, drain all their lakes as they have done that of Lungern. This was once one of the prettiest lakes in Switzerland, embosomed in mountains, clothed with wood, which descended to the water-edge, unprofitably picturesque. The thrifty dwellers on its banks had no eye for the picturesque; but a shrewd one for the profit to be reaped by destroying it. They formed a joint-stock company, tapped the lake, and gained five-hundred acres of very ugly land, in place of five-hundred acres of very lovely water. So much for Lungernese taste, which is, however, likely to prove contagious; for we are told that the experiment of tapping Lungern having proved successful, a similar operation is to be performed upon the exquisite lake of Sarnen; and the system will probably be extended, in time, to all the lakes of Switzerland, unless rival joint-stock companies are formed to buy them up, on the part of the touring public, and secure them from drainage and desecration. We shall, ourselves, take shares in the Lake of Lucerne Preservation Company. There is much to respect in the canton of Underwalden, particularly that good old law by which every inhabitant is bound to guide the stranger on his way, without fee or reward; but we should certainly have made their conduct, with respect to Lungern lake, a *casus belli*, and we heartily believe it would be as good a ground for hostilities as that which is now arming the Diet and Sonderbund.

gotten you your Commission as Captain from the Lord General, and waited only your coming to give it you. Think twice of this. For I intended your good; as I hope you knew my mind thatwise. But so if you will, — I will not hinder you. For, thanks be given to God, I trust now all will be well for this Nation; and an enduring Peace be, to God his glory and our prosperity.

Now there is between you and me some reckoning. Now I hope to be in London, say in three weeks, if God speed me in this matter. Call at the Speaker's, and I will pay you all your due. Pray send me a List of the Items, for guide to me [*for me to guide*]. Let me know what I owe your Brother for the Wines he got me out of Spain to my mind. — Sir, let me once more wish you 'would' think over your resolution, that I may serve you.

Your Friend,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

Squire, in his idle moments, has executed on this sheet a rude drawing of a Pen and Sword; very rude indeed; with these words: "Ten to

one the Feather beats the Iron:" that is Squire's endorsement on this his last remaining Letter from Oliver; indicating a nascent purpose, on the part of Squire, to quit the Army after all.

Explicit Squirrel noster; as all things do end! Some three other Notes, written in abstruse cipher, and two of them bearing what I take to be Oliver's occult signature, and plainly Squire's address, — these I keep back, as too abstruse for any printer or any reader. And herewith let us close the Funeral Urn of the Ironsides, with its burnt bones of heroes, and ashes of mere wood; and, with deathless regrets against my Unknown Correspondent, and for the present some real thankfulness to Heaven, wash our hands of this melancholy affair.

London, 2 Nov. 1847.

T. CARLYLE.

— *Frazer's Magazine*.

THE COMIC ALPENSTOCK.

BY GUIDO MOUNTJOY.

Continued from p. 472.

OBJECTS MOST DESERVING OF NOTICE IN SWITZERLAND.

It is generally agreed by travellers and topographers, that Switzerland owes its sublimity to their highnesses, the Alps; it would be gross flattery to call them their "*serene highnesses*," for they are as subject to storms, as the great folk of the world are to the gusts of passion, or the freaks of fortune. Murray, in chirurgical imagery, calls them "the dorsal ridge, or backbone of the continent." Owing to the disorders that now prevail in Switzerland, Europe may, therefore, be said to labor under a spinal complaint. We trust the case is not yet beyond the reach of medicine. However, she is an old country — so old that Hannibal and Cæsar enjoyed her acquaintance — and we are not to wonder if she is subject to colds and aches; particularly to the tooth-ache, for, aged as she is, she has still a few teeth left — the Dent de Jaman, the Dents de Midi, and two or three more, including that very old stump, the Dent Noire.

Switzerland being a mountainous region, it follows (observes the learned Montus Quinapulus) that the people are mountaineers. The country is hilly and chilly; some philosophers attribute the cold to the snow; others ascribe the

snow to the cold. You may investigate the question, and prepare a paper about it for the next meeting of the British Association at Swansea.

Ice is so abundant that there are seas of it, yet much better ice is to be had in Paris, or at Rome (even in the height of summer), than on the most extensive *mer-de-glace* in Switzerland. Tortoni's beats Chamouni hollow for ices, even for strawberry-ice, though strawberries in the Alps are as plenty as blackberries elsewhere. As to peach-ice, apricot-ice, and pine-apple ice, when you reach the summit of the Wengern Alp, or the Faulhorn, you may call for them, if you please; it is as good a way as any to enjoy the magnificent Alpine echoes.

AVALANCHES.

Avalanches are fine things, and not beneath your notice; but you must carefully avoid getting beneath them, unless you wish to "adorn a tale" in the Landscape, or Picturesque Annual, entitled "An Alpine Catastrophe, or the Fate of Mr. Fumbally." Survey such objects at a respectful distance, or take them on report; don't be too inquisitive into the secrets of nature; she dislikes the Paul Pry, who is always popping his

no passing a night on the same roost with him; he feeds on garlic and tobacco, and swims in beer. The English variety is the famous goose that lays golden eggs. The Swiss delight in him; he visits them every year, and his principal haunt is Interlaken, because it resembles so much his favorite watering-places at home.

Cows, goats, and sheep constitute the principal wealth of the Swiss. The Swiss cow yields milk like the English; the milk yields cream, the cream produces cheese, the cheese money, — there, you have the industrial history of the Gruyère district, from the first to last — I do not see what more is to be known on the subject, unless you want me to give you the memoirs of all the dairy-maids in the Simmenthal; I can assure you, the book, if illustrated by the portraits of those damsels, would not be a book of beauty. I always thought the Swiss cow a much prettier animal than the Swiss milk-maid. The Switzers decorate their cows with bells; and the only Bell-Assemblée to be seen in the twenty-two cantons, is a herd of those useful animals. The Swiss peasant is very fond of his cow; the classical proverb — “Every one to his taste, as the man said when he kissed his cow,” is of Swiss origin. They pet their kine as the Irish pet their pigs; the only difference is, the cow does not sleep with the Switzer, as the pig does with Paddy; but that is entirely owing to the cow having horns, which the Irish pig is *fortunately* unprovided with.

The Ranz-des-Vaches is the “Patrick’s Day,” or the Marseillaise Hymn of Switzerland. The word means, “rows of cows;” the thing, or the music itself, is partly vocal, partly instrumental, a combination of sounds from a wooden tube called the Alp-Horn, and from the throats of the shepherdesses and milk-maids, of whose personal charms we have just spoken. We shall say no more of them at present, as we have a treatise in hand upon Swiss *husbandry* — a subject intimately connected with the natural history of the young women of the country.

Of bears we have said nothing; when you are at Berne, the city of bears, you will see and hear enough of them. The bear is the emblem, and almost the god of the Bernese: they hug him — which is better than being hugged by him; they paint him on canvas, carve him in stone, endow him, and swear by him. Their darling institution is the bear, as by law established; to defend and maintain him, is the oath of every citizen — of equal sanctity to our oaths of allegiance and abjuration. You have him alive in pits, dead in museums, and stuffed in both. They not only *stand* by their bears, but they *go* by them — for the town-clock is a marvellous piece of machinery, which tells the time of the

day by the periodical issue of a procession of wooden bears across the dial-plate. In fact, at Berne, the bear is a bore. “No traveller,” says the sage author of the Red-Book, “will quit Berne without paying the bears a visit, unless he wishes to have the omission of so important a sight *thrown in his teeth every time the name of Berne is mentioned*” — a frightful penalty, but not too severe for the crime. The true comic tourist will see every thing that is visible, hear every thing audible, eat every thing eatable, note every thing notable, and laugh at every thing laughable. But there are travellers of another sort, who make it a rule to do just the reverse — fellows who would make the tour of the firmament without visiting Ursa Major, if they were only informed it was a great curiosity, and a thing to be seen. Better take the gruffest bear in the bear-garden of Berne itself for a travelling companion, than an ill-conditioned creature like this.

GOVERNMENT.

“The twenty-two cantons are united,” says Mr. McCulloch, in his Geographical Dictionary, “on equal terms, in a confederation for mutual defence.” The proof of this is, that fifteen of the number are now combined against the remaining seven, and actually at war with them. Instead of union for mutual defence, this looks extremely like disunion for mutual destruction. Switzerland presents a comic picture of confederation, and a good name for the country would be “the Disunited States.” The general constitution may be called a mixed anarchy — a composition of pure anarchy, with a dash of republican institutions. The cantonal governments are highly democratic, owing to the natural influence of “the mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty,” in so very mountainous a country. In Uri, Schwytz, Zug, and two or three more cantons, there exists universal suffrage, or nearly the same thing — the only exception being that infants do not vote, which is, no doubt, considered a grievance in the Swiss nurseries, and, like all nursery evils, a *crying* one.

The Diet is composed of deputies, or delegates from all the cantons, who vote according to the instructions they receive — so that puppets, or lay-figures would answer quite as well, or, indeed, much better, for automaton legislators would neither talk nonsense, nor use inflammatory language, but simply raise their wooden arms at the touch of a spring, and throw their votes into a box, or an urn. The delegates lose their proper names directly they enter the Diet, but the loss is not much to be deplored, their names in general are so harsh and cacophonous. They take the names of the cantons which they

WATERFALLS.

It is comical enough, but the Swiss waterfalls, like the Swiss lakes, are divisible into two classes:

1. Waterfalls, with water.
2. Waterfalls, without water.

In a comic point of view, the latter are preferable; and I have, for some time, been in treaty with the people of the Bernese Oberland for a few cascades of the second class, to present to my friend, Blundell M'Blundell, of Blundell Park, to embellish that elegant demesne.

"The attempt," says Murray, "to fix an order of precedence for the Swiss waterfalls, is not likely to meet with general approval; because much of the interest connected with them depends on the seasons and the weather, as well as on the tastes and temper of the spectator." The order of precedence ought to be settled by heraldic authority; for it is melancholy to think of the traveller's temper being continually ruffled by the rival claims of waterfalls. At the same time, our advice to the tourist is, not to involve himself in the disputes of the Staubach with the Giesbach, or the Giesbach with the Pissevache. If the Rhine and the Aar can't fall without falling out, the more shame to them. Rivers of their station and high descent ought to fall with dignity, as Cæsar did. Imagine a brawl for precedence amongst the parties in question.

"I am a cataract," roars the Fall of the Rhine; "cousin to Niagara. What are you all but a pack of trumpery cascades?"

"Marry-come-up," cries the Fall of the Aar. "You a cataract!—you related to Niagara! I am the only fall in Switzerland that combines all the great qualities which a fall should possess—a grand elevation, and a vast volume of water. If you don't believe me, believe Mr. Murray."

"Volume of water!" exclaims the Staubach, with infinite scorn. "What has water to do with the matter? I am merely a thread; yet I flatter myself I am the only cascade in the Alps worth looking at."

"Not while the Giesbach condescends to tumble," cries the fall of Brienzen.

"A pretty notion you have of tumbling," quoth the Reichenbach.

"And what do you know about it?" says the Pissevache; "for a truly beautiful fall, with an equally charming name, find a match for me, if you can—though I say it, who should not."

NATURAL HISTORY.

Amongst quadrupeds, the wolf holds the first place. Don't go in quest of him; you are very well off, if he does not go in quest of you. The character of the Swiss wolf is wolfishness; he is said to have a taste for lamb, but eats it (La-

trobe is of opinion) without mint-sauce. Next to the wolf is the chamois. Chamois-hunting is good sport, but it is needless to advise you to take it coolly, especially over the glaciers. The Swiss hunt on foot; but there is nothing to prevent you trying it in a *char-à-banc*. If you are an invalid, a lady, or an alderman, follow the chamois in a *chaise-à-porteur*. Nothing can possibly be more diverting to the spectators!

"What kind of a chaise is a *chaise-à-porteur*?"

"A *tragsessel*."

"And what is that, pray?"

"Why, Mr. Fumbally, you know neither French nor German!"

"Not an iota of either."

"Well, then, open your Red-Book, and you will find it there stated, that 'even the aged or invalid female is by no means debarred the pleasure of taking a part in difficult mountain expeditions. Those who are too weak to walk or ride, may be carried over the mountains in a *chaise-à-porteur*, which is nothing more than a chair, supported in the manner of a sedan, by poles."

"Poles! Why not Switzers?"

"How dull you are, Mr. Fumbally! I don't mean natives of Poland, but wooden poles."

"Oh! I comprehend; a charming thing is a *tragsessel*, very. I have a grand-aunt in Suffolk, who has been bed-ridden for the last ten years, and now that I see it is practicable, I shall certainly treat her, next summer, to the excursion over the Wengern Alp."

"Do, by all means, and take the old lady to the top of the Faulhorn, and down by the Giesbach fall to Brienzen."

But, to return to our natural history—there is a great bird, of the eagle or condor species (something smaller than the roc), called the Lammergeyer, because, like the wolf, he is fond of lamb's flesh. Take care not to confound him with the Landamman. You may shoot the former, but to shoot the latter is homicide. In most parts of Switzerland you will find the *passer communis*, or common sparrow of the British isles. Swallows have been seen in some cantons; and I myself have seen, at more than one *table-d'hôte*, a bird extremely like the ordinary duck of our English ponds. Geese you will meet everywhere—geese of all countries, French, German, Russian, English, and occasionally a specimen of the Irish green-geese; you may know him by his incessant gabble, and by his ridiculous attempts to soar like an eagle, and sing like a swan. The French goose is a martial bird; you would fancy he had no bone in his body but the drumstick. The German goose is known by the foul state of his plumage; there is

respectively represent: Lucerne jumps up to call Geneva to order; Vaud rises to second the motion of Zurich; Tessino moves that Uri's bill be read that day six months; Berne calls Friburg a papist; Friburg calls Berne an infidel; and Zug threatens to pull Appenzell's nose. The duty of the Diet is to declare war, a duty it performs efficiently—and to conclude peace, an office which it does not discharge quite so well; it also contracts foreign alliances (with the king of Dalkey, or with Queen Pomare, for example), and spends the finances of the confederation. It roves about Switzerland, like a gypsy camp, or a society of tinkers, or the British Association, or any thing migratory you choose to compare it to. It cannot, for its life, sit more than two years in one place. When it ceases to sit, a body called the Vorort stands in its place, and governs the country at its indiscretion. The contributions of the cantons to the general revenue are called *contingents*, because their collection is contingent upon the pleasure or ability of each canton to pay.

There is no standing army in the strict sense of the word, but only a militia, liable to be called out for any occasional throat-cutting which the Diet, in its wisdom, may resolve on. The Swiss inn-keepers might be formed into a very effective *rifle-corps*; and the tourists, if enlisted, would constitute a formidable army of *observation*. There is no navy in Switzerland, owing, some think, to there being no ships; others opine that it is rather because there is no sea to float them in—at least, no sea but the *mer-de-glace*, the navigation of which would puzzle Drake or Nelson themselves, although Mr. and Mrs. Fumbally, with all the Fumbally squadron, made a voyage across it, on the memorable fifteenth of August, A. D. 1845.

SKELETON TOURS.

A quiet, easy tour made by Mr. Lazenby and Mr. Noddy in the Summer of 1844. The remarks are taken mostly from their memoranda.

Days.

- 4 { Schaffhausen.
Rhine Falls.
- 4 { Zurich — Hotel du Lac — capital beds, commanding a view of the lake. Mr. Noddy lost his night-cap and bought a new one.
- 2 { Righi — two days to ascend, and two to descend.
- 6 { Altorf.
St. Gothard.
- 6 { Andermatt. Rest for a day — eat trout and play backgammon.
- 3 { Furca and
Grimsel Passes, in a *chaise-à-porteur*. Halt half-a-day at the Hospice on the Grimsel, and order turtle-soup, if you fancy it.

- 1 Meyringen. Repose a day and a night. Cigars and dominos.
- 2 Grindelwald. Dine, sleep, saunter about the inn, and look at the glaciers, through a telescope.
- 2 Lauterbrunnen. See the Staubach fall, from the inn-door; explore the upper part of the valley on horseback, or in a sedan. It is the most curious valley in Switzerland, for Murray informs us that it is visited by nobody, and “leads nowhere.”
- 6 Interlaken. Hotel Belvidere. Secure a bed commanding a view of the Jungfrau; make yourself at home, and live as if you were at Harrowgate; go to the balls, and chat with the ladies about wolves and avalanches; relate your adventures on the Righi; get up picnics, and drink lots of iced champagne; wear an enormous straw hat and patent-leather boots; subscribe to the reading-room, and play whist or *ecarte*. Cultivate your moustache, and threaten to volunteer in the service of the Diet against the Jesuits. Stay at Interlachen as long as you like; the position is charming, between two of the finest lakes in Switzerland, without the possibility of getting a glimpse at either.
- 10 { Thun.
The Simmenthal. A celebrated pastoral district. Make bucolical observations; quote Varro and Columella; and as to the dairy-maids, judge for yourself.
- 2 { Vevay.
- 2 Castle of Chillon.
- 3 { Bex.
- 3 { Martigny.
- 3 { Tete Noire — in a *chaise-à-porteur*.
- 3 { Chamouni.
- 4 Geneva. Home leisurely through France, or proceed quietly to Basle, and float down the Rhine to Cologne.

48 days.

Whatever tour you take, let it include the ascent of the Righi; if you omit that, you lose the best laugh to be had in all Switzerland. The *culm* of the Righi is the culminating point of whatever is ridiculous and farcical in the habits of that strange animal, the common tourist. Righi is derived from *rig* — travellers run such rigs there; and the village of Waggis, from which you generally ascend, takes its name from *wag*, owing to the infinite food for waggery always to be had there in the summer season. The great exploit, or rig of the Righi, is to pass a detestable night in “a Babel of sounds and smells” (as Murray elegantly expresses it), un-

der a wooden shed, facetiously termed an *inn*, the thermometer being at zero; and then to be roused an hour before dawn by the braying of a horn, worse than Discord's, to stand shivering in your night-cap, gazing at the point where the sun ought to rise, but very rarely does, no doubt expressly to disappoint the crowd of impertinent donkeys assembled on the culm to stare at him. What a sight it is to see the Fumbally family, Mr. and Mrs. John Stubbs (newly married), old Mrs. Fazakerly, with her passport in her hand, the Puddicomes, with their thermometer and sextant, six of them, and Mr. Thomas Perkins of Aldermanbury, with his ferocious whiskers, trying to look like William Tell.

No wonder the Alps are such laughers; what can they do but laugh, beholding our countrymen and countrywomen on the Righi. Imagine Mr. Fumbally, in his red nightcap, and wrapped in a green quilt; Mrs. Fumbally in her husband's white great coat; Mr. Puddicome with a blanket about him, and Mr. Perkins politely informing him that, as it is the blanket from *his* bed, he is under the disagreeable necessity of requesting him to surrender it forthwith. A very disagreeable necessity it is to Mr. Puddicome, whose teeth are actually chattering with the cold, and his nose blue as an Italian sky, to say nothing of reasons drawn from considerations of propriety, which make him very reluctant to part with his blanket at that particular moment. But there is no resisting the menacing tone and aspect of Mr. Perkins—he will have his blanket; and Mr. Puddicome scuttles back to the shed, for his old mackintosh; but that having been seized upon by some unknown depredator, he is driven to the last resort, and snatches up a sheet, just in time to confront the "*Spectre of the Righi*"—not half so ghastly an apparition as his sheeted spectator from London.

The spectre of the Righi is an atmospheric phenomenon—oh, I humbly beg Miss Patty Puddicome's pardon; she can explain it much better than I can. How proud it makes the mother of that philosophical young lady to hear her prattling on the laws of reflection and refraction, upon halos and the prismatic colors, to young Mr. Fumbally, who would understand the optical lecture somewhat better, if it were delivered at a lower altitude than 6,000 feet above the level of the Mediterranean, and if the morning was not quite so polar.

If you are not cold *enough* after the sun-gazing business is over, you have only to take a plunge in the *Kaltes Bad*, or cold bath, a spring of most delicious frigidity, at some short distance from the summit. The droll custom was, to lie down in the bath with your clothes on, and afterwards walk about in the sun until they dried

on your back. Try it, by all means, if you are *too* warm. The spring is called the "*Sisters' Fountain*," from a tradition of three spinsters, who sought refuge there from an Austrian bailiff. A capital place it is to this day for an asylum from bailiffs; the sharpest catchpole in London would scarce recognize his man in the morning toilette of the Righi Culm.

As I have given you a skeleton of a quiet tour, you would, perhaps, like to have one of the opposite character; you shall have Doctor Swift's and Mr. Trotter's. They started from London, on July 26th, and on the 1st of August, dined at the Bergues, at Geneva.

August 2d. Chamouni, and a peep at Mont Blanc. A hasty toilette, hurried breakfast, and abrupt dinner.

3d. Martigny; delayed two hours; very impatient.

4th. Chillon, Vevay, Lausanne, posting at full gallop.

5th. Lausanne to Freyburg, all night, by diligence.

6th. Thun; posting—double trinkeld to the postilions; neck or nothing.

7th. Interlacken, by steam; late for table-d'hôte; sandwiches; steam again to Brienz. Mr. Trotter proposed to see Grindelwald, but Doctor Swift said Grindelwald was a humbug, and Mr. Trotter did not care much about it.

9th. Lucerne; across the Brunig, from Brienz. Would have seen the Lake of Sarnen, but it was, unfortunately, too dark.

10th. Voyage across the lake to Fluellen; back to Wegges; up the Righi, at midnight, would have seen the sun rise, only for clouds; down again, running the whole way, as if for a wager.

11th. Lucerne, again; compelled to dine and sleep there; Mr. Trotter annoyed; Doctor Swift beside himself.

12th. Berne; posting—horses *ventre-à-terre*. Saw the bears; dined; engaged a return *voiture* to Lausanne.

14th. Lausanne and Geneva; back to London on the 19th of August; Switzerland *done* perfectly. Mr. Trotter published his remarks on the manners and customs of the Swiss, and Doctor Swift intends to favor the world with "*Observations on the Glaciers*."—*Dublin University Magazine*.

The pages of Scripture, like the productions of nature, will not only endure the test but improve upon the trial. The application of the microscope to the one, and a repeated meditation on the other, are sure to display new beauties, and present us with higher attractives.—*Hervey*.

ORIGIN OF THE RAILWAY SYSTEM.

It is now about twenty-eight years since a thoughtful man, travelling in the north of England on commercial business, stood looking at a small train of coal-wagons impelled by steam along a tramroad which connected the mouth of one of the collieries of that district with the wharf at which the coals were shipped. "Why," he asked of the engineer, "are not these tramroads laid down all over England, so as to supersede our common roads, and steam-engines employed to convey goods and passengers along them, so as to supersede horse-power?" The engineer looked at the questioner with the corner of his eye. "Just propose you that to the nation, sir, and see what you will get by it! Why, sir, you will be worried to death for your pains." Nothing more was said, but the intelligent traveller did not take the engineer's warning. Tramroads, locomotive steam-engines, horse-power superseded!—the idea he had conceived continued to infest his brain, and would not be driven out. Tramroads, locomotive steam-engines, horse-power superseded!—he would talk of nothing else with his friends. Tramroads, locomotive steam-engines, horse-power superseded!—he at length broached the scheme openly; first to public men by means of letters and circulars, and afterwards to the public itself by means of a printed book. Hardly any body would listen to him; the engineer's words seemed likely to prove true. Still he persevered, holding the public by the button, as it were, and dinning into its ears the same wearisome words. From public political men, including the cabinet ministers of the day, he received little encouragement; a few influential commercial men, however, began at length to be interested in his plan. Persons of eminence took it up, and advocated it almost as enthusiastically as the original proprietor. It having thus been *proved*, according to Dogberry's immortal phrase, that the scheme was a good scheme, it soon went near to be *thought* so. Capital came to its aid. The consequence was, that in 1826 parliament passed an act authorizing the construction of the first British railway, properly so called—that between Liverpool and Manchester. Four years afterwards, in September, 1830, the railway was opened. What advances the system has made since, every one knows. Railways have been constructed, or are in progress, in all parts of the civilized world; philosophers have already begun to speculate on the astonishing effects which such a means of rapid locomotion must have on the character and prospects of the

whole human race; by means of railways, Europe is becoming a familiar country to us all, and the planet itself an imaginable round thing; and the only question is, where will this railway-impulse end?—into what strange condition of humanity is it leading us? And the beginning of all this was the dream of a thoughtful man, looking, about twenty-eight years ago, at some coal-wagons running along a tramroad to a wharf.

The name of this projector of a general railway system of transit is Thomas Gray, and he is still alive. We have now before us a copy of the work in which he first explained his scheme to the public. The first edition of it was published in 1820, and the title under which it made its appearance was as follows:—"Observations on a General Iron Railway, or Land Steam Conveyance, to supersede the necessity of horses in all public vehicles; showing its vast superiority in every respect over all the present pitiful methods of conveyance by Turnpike-roads, Canals, and Coasting Traders: containing every species of information relative to Railroads and Locomotive Engines." There is now a sort of quaint historic interest in turning to this book, to see the manner in which objects familiar to us were first represented to the incredulous imagination of the public. Prefixed to it there is a plate, exhibiting carriages of different construction, drawn along on railways by locomotives. The carriages of one of the sets strike the eye curiously, as being made on the model of a common stage-coach, with inside and outside passengers, luggage on the top, a guard behind with his horn, and actually, in one instance (though this seems done in irony), a person occupying the driver's box with a little whip in his hand. On this plate are engraved the following couplets—

"No speed with this can fleetest horse compare;
No weight like this canal or vessel bear.
As this will commerce every way promote,
To this let sons of commerce grant their vote."

These verses at least show the enthusiasm of the projector; but one must be acquainted with the contents of the book throughout fully to appreciate Mr. Gray's merits. Suffice it to say that, except in the matter of the speed attainable on the proposed roads, which experience has proved to be much greater than Mr. Gray dared to hope, the case for a general railway system of transit, as here stated, is as complete as, with all our acquired knowledge of the reality, we could now make it. It may be even

doubted whether we have yet completely realized the suggestions of this volume; and the system of main trunk lines laid down in it for Great Britain and Ireland, and illustrated by an engraved chart, is probably superior in some respects to that which has been actually adopted.

Railways, it is almost unnecessary to inform our readers, were in use long before the general system of transit by their means as proposed by Mr. Gray. They were first used, about a hundred and eighty years ago, to facilitate the transport of coals from the north of England collieries to the shipping places on the Tyne. The first railways were merely wooden wheelways, laid in the ordinary roads, to lessen the friction and render the work easier for the horse. The advantage was so great, that various improvements were gradually introduced with a view to increase it to the utmost. About the middle of last century, the following was the mode of preparing a tramroad or railway:—The road having been rendered as nearly level throughout as possible, rough wooden logs, called *sleepers*, each about six feet long, were imbedded in it transversely, at distances of about three feet. Along these were laid the wooden rails, pegged down to the sleepers, so as to form a wheelway about four feet wide. The wheels of the wagons were provided with a flange, so as to keep them from slipping off the rails. Each wagon was pulled by a single horse; and as the inclination of the road was usually from the pit mouth to the wharf, the loaded wagons had the advantage of the descent, while in ascending, the horse had to pull only empty wagons. When the difference of level between the pit mouth and the wharf was very great, it was usual to manage the transport, not by making the road of the necessary uniform inclination throughout, but by inserting here and there a steep inclined plane, which the wagons descended by their own weight, the rest of the way being tolerably level. By a contrivance introduced towards the end of the century, many of these inclined planes were made *self-acting*—that is, were so constructed, that the loaded wagons descending pulled up the returning empty wagons. At others, the return-wagons were pulled up by a stationary steam-engine. Sometimes there was an inclined plane, terminating in a spout at the shipping place, along which the coals were shot straight into the hold of the vessel lying under the river bank.

In 1767 the experiment was tried at the Colebrook iron-works of covering the wooden rails of a tramroad with a plating of iron. The experiment was so successful, that some years afterwards rails wholly of cast-iron began to be constructed. About the year 1793, also, wooden

sleepers began to be superseded by stone ones—blocks of stone laid down underneath the joinings of the rails. Till 1801 the rails were all of the kind called the *flat-rail*, or tram-plate, consisting of plates of cast-iron about three feet long, from three to five inches broad, and from half an inch to an inch thick, with a flange or turn-up on the inside. About that year, however, *edge-rails* began to be used—these edge-rails being bars of cast-iron, about three feet long each, laid on their edges, the flange in this case being on the wheel.

The value of the improvements which had thus been gradually introduced during the course of a century and a half may be judged of from the fact that on a good edge railway, such as was to be found in the beginning of the present century, *ten* horses could do an amount of work which, on a common road, would require the strength of *four hundred*. “Iron railways were, in consequence, quickly introduced into all the coal and mining districts of the kingdom. They were employed on canals in place of locks, to raise the barges on an inclined plane from a lower to a higher level; in some cases they were adopted in preference to the canal itself; and, on the whole, they began to form an important auxiliary to inland navigation, pushing the channels of trade and intercourse into districts otherwise inaccessible, and even into the interior of the mines.” Scarcely any two of these railways were alike in all particulars.

All this while horse-power continued to be the only motive force employed, except at those inclined planes already mentioned. Thus horses and steam-engines shared the work between them. The idea of uniting the two into one, so as to produce a locomotive steam engine, or a steam horse, was a more recent one. Watt had, indeed, in one of his patents, dated 1784, suggested a plan for imparting to the steam engine the animal's faculty of locomotion; but it was not till 1802 that experiments with a view to the construction of an efficient locomotive engine were commenced. The first locomotives put upon trial were those of the engineers Messrs. Trevithick and Vivian. The objection to them was, that there was not sufficient adhesion between the wheels and the rails, so that, if the velocity were at all great, the former would revolve without advancing the vehicle. To remedy this inconvenience, various plans were devised, among which that of Mr. Blenkinsop obtained the greatest celebrity. His plan consisted in making the rails notched, and the wheels with teeth, so that they continued to work in a rack all along the road. One of Mr. Blenkinsop's engines of four-horses' power impelled a carriage lightly loaded at the rate of ten miles

an hour; attached to thirty coal wagons it went at one third of that pace. Fortunately, however, it was soon discovered that the conclusion on which Mr. Blenkinsop and others had been proceeding — namely, that the amount of adhesion was insufficient between a smooth wheel and a smooth rail — was a hasty one; and that, provided the road were tolerably level, the amount of adhesion between such a wheel and such a rail was quite sufficient to insure propulsion. Satisfied on this point engineers devoted their attention more especially to the improvement of the locomotive itself. The difficulties of various kinds, however, which presented themselves were great; and the horses of England continued to flatter themselves that they would be able to retain the monopoly of locomotion; and that, although steam engines might work well enough in chains at inclined planes, *they* should still have the run of the country.

Such was the state of matters about the year 1819-20, when Mr. Gray appeared in the field: a great number of tramroads had been laid down in particular districts of the island, along which horses and stationary steam engines were pulling wagons, while here and there a solitary locomotive snorted along, trying its powers. Locomotives *versus* horses, and railways *versus* turnpikes and canals — such was the question at issue.

Mr. Gray's merit consisted not in effecting actual improvements of construction in either locomotives or railways; that was the work of Stephenson, and other eminent engineers; but in stating the question to the country, in foreseeing the issue, and in boldly imagining the time when the whole island should be covered with a network of these tramroads, when locomotives should scamper through the country as plentiful as horses, and when canals, stage-coaches, and turnpike trusts, should be all swamped in a general iron railway. Glimmerings of this idea may have appeared before in other minds. "You must be making handsomely out with your canals," said some one to the celebrated canal-making Duke of Bridgewater. "Oh yes," grumbled he in reply, "they will last my time; but I don't like the look of these tramroads; there's mischief in them." What the shrewd duke foresaw, others also may have casually anticipated; but Mr. Gray was the first man to realize the whole extent of the change, and to advocate it; and although this change would doubtless have effected itself in any case, yet the first man who conceived it, and called the attention of the nation to the subject, deserves distinction. To say that the change would have *effected itself*, is merely to say that if Mr. Gray's mind had not conceived it so fast, five or six other minds would have conceived it more slowly.

A circumstance which favored Mr. Gray's proposal was, that about the time it was first made, or a little later, rails began to be formed of malleable instead of cast iron; the malleable possessing two decided advantages for the purpose over the cast; first, in being less apt to break; and second, in being capable of being made in greater lengths of bar.

Mr. Gray, in his volume, dashes at once into the midst of his subject; and his readers twenty-six years ago must have been much surprised by such passages as the following: — "The plan," he says, "might be commenced between the towns of Manchester and Liverpool, where a trial could soon be made, as the distance is not very great; and the commercial part of England would thereby be better able to appreciate its many excellent properties, and prove its efficacy. All the great trading towns of Lancashire and Yorkshire would then eagerly embrace the opportunity to secure so commodious and easy a conveyance, and cause branch railways to be laid down in every possible direction. The convenience and economy in the carriage of the raw material to the numerous manufactories established in these counties, the expeditious and cheap delivery of piece goods bought by the merchants every week at the various markets, and the despatch in forwarding bales and packages to the outposts, cannot fail to strike the merchant and manufacturer as points of the first importance. Nothing, for example, would be so likely to raise the ports of Hull, Liverpool, and Bristol to an unprecedented pitch of prosperity, as the establishment of railways to these ports, thereby rendering the communication from the east to the west seas, and all intermediate places, rapid, cheap, and effectual. Any one at all conversant with commerce must feel the vast importance of such an undertaking in forwarding the produce of America, Brazils, the East and West Indies, &c. from Liverpool and Bristol *viâ* Hull, to the opposite shores of Germany and Holland; and, *vice versâ*, the produce of the Baltic *viâ* Hull, to Liverpool and Bristol." Again — "By the establishment of morning and evening mail steam-carriages, the commercial interest would derive considerable advantage; the inland mails might be forwarded with greater despatch, and the letters delivered much earlier than by the extra post; the opportunities of correspondence between London and all mercantile places would be much improved, and the rate of postage might be generally diminished without injuring the receipts of the post-office, because any deficiency occasioned by a reduction in the postage would be made good by the increased number of journeys which mail steam-carriages might make. The London and Edin-

burgh mail steam-carriages might take all the mails and parcels on the line of road between these two cities, which would exceedingly reduce the expense occasioned by mail-coaches on the present footing. The ordinary stage-coaches, caravans, or wagons, running any considerable distance along the main railway, might also be conducted on peculiarly favorable terms to the public; for instance, one steam-engine of superior power would enable its proprietors to convey several coaches, caravans, or wagons, linked together, until they arrive at their respective branches, where other engines might proceed on with them to their destination. By a due regulation of the departure and arrival of coaches, caravans, and wagons, along these branches, the whole communication throughout the country would be so simple and so complete, as to enable every individual to partake of the various productions of particular situations, and to enjoy, at a moderate expense, every improvement introduced into society. Steam-engines would answer all the purposes required by the general intercourse and commerce of this country, and clearly prove that the expenses caused by the continual relays of horses are totally unnecessary. The great economy of such a measure must be obvious to every one, seeing that, instead of each coach changing horses between London and Edinburgh, say twenty-five times, requiring a hundred horses, besides the supernumerary ones kept at every stage in case of accidents, the whole journey of several coaches would be performed with the simple expense of one steam-engine. No animal strength will be able to give that uniform and regular acceleration to our commercial intercourse which may be accomplished by railways; however great the animal speed, there cannot be a doubt that it would be considerably surpassed by mail steam-carriages, and that the expense would be infinitely less. The exorbitant charge now made for small parcels prevents

that natural intercourse of friendship between families residing in different parts of the kingdom, in the same manner as the heavy postage of letters prevents free communication, and consequently diminishes very considerably the consumption of paper which would take place under a less burdensome taxation."

Such passages as the foregoing must have surprised the public very much twenty-six years ago; the following, if we are not mistaken, will have sufficient novelty even for readers of the present time:—"The present system of conveyance," says Mr. Gray, "affords but tolerable accommodation to farmers, and the common way in which they attend markets must always confine them within very limited distances. It is, however, expected that the railway will present a suitable conveyance for attending market-towns thirty or forty miles off, as also for forwarding considerable supplies of grain, hay, straw, vegetables, and every description of live-stock to the metropolis at a very easy expense, and with the greatest celerity, from all parts of the kingdom."

It was not until after four or five years of agitation, and several editions of Mr. Gray's work had been published and successively commented upon by many newspapers, that commercial men were roused to give the proposed scheme its first great trial on the road between Liverpool and Manchester. The success of that experiment, insured by the engineering skill of Stephenson, was the signal for all that has since been done, both in this island and in other parts of the world. Unfortunately, the public has been too busy these many years in making railways to inquire to whom it owes its gratitude for having first expounded and advocated their claims; and probably there are few men now living who have served the public as effectually, with so little return in the way of thanks or applause, as Mr. Thomas Gray, the proposer in 1820 of a general system of transit by railways.

COLLECTANEA.

THE PASSIONS.

Some declaimers against the passions impute to them all the troubles of man, but they forget that those abused passions are also the source of all his pleasures; the error is in regarding them entirely on the bad side. But it is the passions only, and the great ones too, which can elevate the soul to the performance of noble actions; without them there would be nothing approaching the sublime either in morals or in literature, and virtue itself would even become frivolous. — *Diderot*.

IDLENESS.

Lord Chatham writes to his nephew at Cambridge — "*Vitanda est improba Siren, Desidia*, I desire may be affixed to the curtains of your bed, and to the walls of your chambers. If you do not rise early, you can never make any progress worth any thing. If you do not set apart your hours of reading; if you suffer yourself, or any one else, to break in upon them, your days will slip through your hands, unprofitably and frivolously, unpraised by all you wish to please, and really unenjoyed by yourself."

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Lord Campbell has just completed the two concluding volumes of his 'Lives of the Lord Chancellors of England'—containing those of Lords Loughborough, Erskine, and Eldon. The whole of Lord Loughborough's papers and correspondence have been submitted to his Lordship by the present Earl of Rosslyn, his representative;—the Earl of Auckland has lent a large collection of letters from Lord Loughborough to his father;—and the present Viscount Melville a curious collection respecting Catholic Emancipation in 1801. For the life of Lord Erskine his Lordship has obtained "an exquisitely beautiful letter written by him when he was a boy at St. Andrew's, about to become a soldier or a sailor," and all the note-books compiled by him when he was a student of law, when he was at the bar, and when he was Chancellor. Nor will the life of Eldon be found without its attractions—Sir Robert Peel having placed at the discretion of his Lordship all the letters which passed between him and Lord Eldon from the time of Sir Robert's appointment to the office of Secretary of State for the Home Department, in 1822. These letters were either withheld from Mr. Twiss or perhaps never applied for.

We are glad to learn that the Journals of Mr. Brooke, the Rajah of Sarawak, will form one of the publications of the approaching season. The work will be edited by Capt. Rodney Mundy,—and contains, it is said, a particular narrative of recent occurrences in Borneo and of a visit to the Celebes: together with a narrative of the voyage of H. M. S. Iris to Borneo and Labuan, subsequent to the operations of the Dido—which Capt. Mundy is also preparing, assisted by the Hon. Capt. H. Keppel as joint-editor.

We are reminded by the advertisement of Mr. Felix Summerly's "Art Manufactures," that Francesco Francia was a goldsmith as well as a painter,—that designs for crockery are attributed to Raphael,—that Leonardo da Vinci invented necklaces,—and that Holbein designed brooches; but the advertisement omits to tell us that Flaxman designed tea-pots and coffee-pots, cream-jugs and sugar-basins, for Messrs. Rundell & Bridge,—and that Baily's 'Eve' was originally designed for the cover of a soup tureen. Nor should the School of Design forget that Hogarth was apprenticed to a silver-plate engraver, Raeburn to a goldsmith, Chantrey to a carver and gilder, and that Stothard was apprenticed in Spitalfields to learn to draw patterns. Great minds rise above the accidents of birth. Gainsborough was the son of a clothier—Barry of a

seafaring person (a captain, it is said, trading between Cork and England)—Romney of a carpenter—Bacon of a cloth-worker—Lawrence of an innkeeper—Flaxman of a dealer in plaster casts—Blake of a hosier; whilst Bird ornamented tea-trays, and Jackson began life as a country tailor.

It is stated by *Galigani* that letters from Mr. Gutzlaff, Missionary and Consul-General of England in the Celestial Empire, have been received at Munich, dated from Hong-Kong—and giving an account of the labors of that eminent individual, which approaches the marvellous. He has just terminated a voluminous history of the Chinese Empire, and has sent the manuscript of it to M. Cotta, the publisher, at Stuttgart. He has published at Hong-Kong a universal Geography in the Chinese language, with sixty large maps. He has begun to compose a complete dictionary of the Chinese language,—which will, he says, absorb all his leisure for the next three years. It is only in his spare hours that he can occupy himself with literary and scientific labors,—all the rest of his time being devoted to his missionary labors and his consular duties. M. Gutzlaff announces that he has addressed some long memoirs on the geography of China to the Geographical Society of London,—which it is expected will shortly be published. He still maintains the opinion that Christianity and European civilization can be successfully propagated only in China by the Chinese themselves. He has, accordingly, founded a Chinese Society; which already possesses 600 members,—many of whom are mandarins, and some native *savans* of the first rank. This society employs its efforts on all the countries situated to the south of the river Jang-tse-Kiang;—and it has already published a great number of popular works.

SHORT REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

ST. ROCHE: A ROMANCE FROM THE GERMAN. Edited by J. Morier, Esq., Author of 'Hajji Baba,' &c. 3 vols.

The "trusty and well-beloved" name of the author of 'Hajji Baba' on the title-page of this translation from the German was not without its charm and invitation for us. Who could have fancied it prefixed to a romance of the most old-fashioned quality? Yet it is so: and no one need henceforth be surprised should new editions of 'Children of the Abbey,' or 'Manfrone,' or 'The Castles of Athlin and Dunbayne,' be put forth under like editorial auspices. But wonder must not be understood in the present case to imply contempt. For those who can read for

story as well as for sentiment or psychological interest — keep a corner of liking for the old-fashioned romance — can still shudder when *Ellen* (or to speak more properly *Elena*) ventures into the old ruin, unlocks the mysterious door, or begins passionately, at first sight, to love (she knows not why) the forbidding elderly person who holds the secret of her parentage but will not unveil the same till the right moment — there are in 'St. Roche,' all these familiar eates served up in the best German style. The heroine Elmerice has the true wax-work beauty befitting the part she has to play. The Castle owns a marvellous proper legend, dating as far back as the poisonings of Catherine de Medicis, — to say nothing of its more modern tragedy in which a brother has unwittingly murdered a brother. The weather is exactly what romance-weather ought to be. The most golden of sunsets, the bluest of moonlights, the fiercest of storms give glory or mystery or horror to the scene with wonderful and *natural* closeness of sympathy. Every one (this is a great comfort!) falls in every one's way at precisely the bespoken moment, and in precisely the bespoken manner. Yet just as we listen attentively to some tune every rise and fall of which we knew by heart fifty years ago, and wait for the dear old cadences with the old pleasure, and smile when the modulation comes which always used to make us smile approvingly — so, though every turning and winding of 'St. Roche' be better known to us than the flags of the Strand or the august countenance of King Charles at Charing Cross, once having begun we were obliged to continue its perusal. How far a younger generation — of whom the requirements and sympathies are so different, and to whom no memories such as those which 'St. Roche' stirs in ourselves appeal — may ratify our judgment, is another question. The best part of the romance is the passage of French family history which, somewhat disproportionately, occupies two thirds of the book, — leaving the interesting Elmerice all the while waiting at the door of the enchanted domain to which she proves rightful heiress. This, however, is merely another illustration of the truth that

Never Court its gold and purple wore,
But human hearts thereto sad tribute gave.

The translation seems smoothly executed, and sufficiently to convey the meaning and represent the solemn and parading style of the original.

THE PRESENT MOVEMENT IN ITALY. By the Marquis Massimo d'Azeglio. Translated from the Italian.

The translator of this pamphlet, — who if we may guess from the signature to the preface is

Signor Prandi, — assures us that the *brochure* may be regarded as an authorized exposition of the views of the most "eminent leaders of the present movement in Italy." To test such an assertion would require a far more intimate personal knowledge of foreign affairs than most of us possess; — failing this, we lean upon the assurance thankfully, since the book seems one of good augury. There is no great strength or novelty in the view put forth — a discouragement of all force save the force of public opinion; there is no great eloquence in the style, — but good sense is present everywhere. And let the enthusiasts say what they will, without this there is little generous feeling — small efficient sacrifice — no real progress: however burning be the oratory, however headlong the bravery, however lofty the aim. When, or in proportion as, the Italians shall read this to be the real meaning of the word Patriotism — when they shall cheerfully betake themselves to tilling the moral and political ground, instead of conjuring the earthquake to annihilate the causes of its barrenness — Italy *must* rise. It is beyond our limits and wishes to enter into the labyrinths of foreign diplomacy and politics. Such essays, however, as the Marquis d'Azeglio's pamphlet tend largely to make both less labyrinthine, by gently and surely opening new paths and letting in new light. It will, probably, be much read, much abused, — let us hope a little taken to heart by bystanders who wish well to the cause of Freedom, as well as by those who are active in laboring for it. The absence of a bitter and controversial spirit, the candor shown, and the patience urged as a necessary ingredient of progress, ought to tell — and we hope will — upon readers and actors of every measure of intelligence.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

ENGLAND.

Benninghausen's (C.) Homœopathic Therapeutics, 12s.

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